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THE INDEX

To the volume of the *Critic* for 1855 will be completed in our next number.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE institution of the new Order of Valour on the one side, and the attempt on the part of the House of Lords to dispute the validity of Lord WENSLEYDALE's peerage on the other, present a curious contrast suggestive of the relative value of physical and intellectual success. The new order is confined in terms to those only who perform some act of physical courage "in the presence of an enemy." This has been hailed as a satisfactory response to the national call for an Order to match the French Legion of Honour. But what does this boasted order amount to? One man may give his last bit of precious food to save the life of a comrade, or he may risk his life in tending his fever-stricken couch; another may perform the most noble and matchless acts of courage by braving the perils of the elements, and (unencouraged by any of those exciting circumstances which surround the soldier "in the presence of the enemy") may snatch the helpless from a watery or a fiery death; a third braves the dreadful perils of the frozen seas, and hazards all upon the faintest chance of being able to help a fellow-creature in distress. But there is no decoration of the Order of Valour for such as these. Surely there is something defective here.

But, even supposing that all this were put right, what is there to represent that function of the Legion of Honour which undertakes to reward the brave pioneers of civilisation—those who strike doughty blows against ignorance, and effect great victories over seeming impossibilities. Where, in fact, is the reward for mental triumphs? Is that still to be left to the "generous British public" and the tender mercies of "The Circumlocution Office?"

The Government did indeed make a movement in the right direction when it conceived the notion of the Life Peerages. It is well known that one of the great objections to raising men of talent into the House of Lords has been the hereditary nature of the dignity. The admission of one great man may encumber the House with a long line of effete and incompetent legislators. The consequence has been that many of our very ablest men have not been ennobled, and both the House of Lords and the nation have suffered grievously by their exclusion. We must confess that we are not surprised at the opposition which this attempt of the Government to create peerages for life has caused among the Lords; but we should have been better pleased if the malcontents had been led by any one but Lord LYNCHURST. The great talents and high character of that splendid old lawyer render every word from his lips worthy of esteem and attention, and we are sorry that his too great fondness for precedent (which he assumes to be the sole basis of constitutional law) should have betrayed him into a league with those whose only object is the perpetuation of old abuses. Lord LYNCHURST is scarcely the man to make common cause with such as the Dukes of BUCKINGHAM and WELLINGTON, and Lords CARDIGAN and CHESTERFIELD; men who supply, in their own proper persons, the best argument in favour of life peerages.

It is a curious circumstance that many of the peers who voted with Lord LYNCHURST are destitute of heirs apparent, and have consequently no personal interest in the hereditary nature of a peerage. Among these are Lord LYNCHURST himself and the Duke of WELLINGTON.

Aprpos of recognition paid to merit, we are glad to perceive that her Majesty has conferred the honour of knighthood upon Colonel RAWLINSON, the great Eastern traveller and philologist. It is also gratifying to observe that the University of Dublin has done its best to honour Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, the Crimean correspondent of the *Times*,—albeit the mode of doing so is somewhat eccentric. They have made him a Doctor of Laws; though what that has to do with Crimean correspondence we cannot for the life of us discover.

The agitation about the pension granted to the late JOSEPH HAYDN seems to have driven HER MAJESTY'S advisers into the opposite extremity, if we may judge by two pensions lately granted. One is to SAMUEL LOVER, the song-writer and novelist, for 100*l.* a year, and the other to Mr. JOHN D'ALTON, for 50*l.* Some people may feel inclined to inquire, as we did—Who is Mr. JOHN D'ALTON? The answer is that "he is the author of various works on Irish Literature and History." As we do not remember to have ever met with, or even heard of these works, we cannot, of course, speak positively as to their merits; but, as upon inquiry we cannot discover anybody better informed upon the point than ourselves, we feel that we are not unwarranted in concluding that Mr. D'ALTON is one of the great unappreciated. But why should he be pensioned?

The Cambridge election has been, after all, a mere flash in the pan. Mr. DENMAN, finding his opponent was polling two for every one that he could muster, consulted the interests of his supporters by retiring from the field after the close of the second day's poll. By this judicious course we have no doubt that he has secured his return at the next general election, if he chooses to oppose Mr. LOFTUS WIGRAM. How far the doubt thrown upon the legality of paying travelling expenses for voters may have influenced this election, cannot easily be determined (though we think it highly probable that the attendance of a larger number of non-residents would have increased Mr. WALPOLE's poll still further); but it is worth while considering whether the very exceptional position of the Universities does not warrant a special exemption in their favour in this respect. It is true that, if expenses could be legally paid, the result of the elections would sometimes depend upon the length of purse; but, on the other hand, to forbid them absolutely will be tantamount to throwing the entire power into the hands of the resident members of the Senate, and will eventually cause many of the non-residents to take their names off the University books. If expenses may be allowed in an election for Chancellor, why not in an election for member? It is notorious that when the PRINCE CONSORT was elected large sums were expended in this manner; yet that was not deemed to be bribery and corruption. Why cannot a short Bill be introduced permitting non-resident members of the Senate to vote through the post? We cannot see why printed voting-papers, signed by the voters and attested before magistrates, and further checked by the publication of lists, would not, practically, do just as well as the personal attendance of the voters. Perhaps the only objection to this plan is that it would be too simple.

We regret to observe that the election of Mr. WALPOLE is likely to become memorable in Cambridge, as having given occasion for a riot of a very extraordinary nature. We have before taken occasion to remark upon the unpopularity of the present Vice-Chancellor, Dr. WHEWELL, but we should never have anticipated that the feelings of the University could have been aroused to such a pitch that he would be compelled to seek protection from personal violence. Both the event itself and the causes which led up to it speak for themselves. It should be premised that some of the late proceedings of the Vice-Chancellor have aroused a very strong sense of indignation, not only among the Undergraduates, but also among the Masters of Arts and Fellows of the Colleges. His treatment of the Fitzwilliam Syndicate has resulted in the unanimous resignation of that body; and upon the last occasion of conferring the degrees Dr. WHEWELL saw fit to omit that worthy and significant custom of shaking hands with the Senior Wrangler of the year—an omission which was attributed to pride, and which was looked upon as all the more absurd when it was remembered that Dr. WHEWELL himself never attained that envied degree. This was the state of feeling in the University when the election commenced on Thursday. It should be explained that the votes are publicly taken in the Senate-house and the Divinity Schools, and that the Undergraduates claim, by immemorial custom, a right to be present and to express their opinions very freely during the progress of the voting. Whether the privilege was or was not abused upon this occasion we cannot positively say; but it is certain that the Vice-Chancellor took exception to its exercise, and declared at the close of that day's proceedings that he should exclude the

Undergraduates from the Senate-house on the following day. This step was certainly a very strong one, and whether it was or was not justified by the circumstances we are unable to determine; but the *Cambridge Chronicle* publishes a letter from a member of the Senate, expressing the "very strong feeling of indignation with which he and many other Masters of Arts witnessed the exclusion of the Undergraduates from the Senate-house;" adding that "there was nothing in the conduct of the Undergraduates to merit the infringement of their ancient rights." The scene which ensued is thus described by the same journal:—

After the poll was closed, a scene such as is not frequently witnessed in the streets of Cambridge occurred. The indignation of the Undergraduates, which had been kept under control during the day, burst forth at the appearance of the Vice-Chancellor, and he was followed from the Senate-house to Trinity College by an excited mob, who hooted and bellowed at the top of their voices throughout the entire distance. It was a disgraceful scene. As the hour for polling in the evening approached, groups of Undergraduates collected in the neighbourhood of the Senate-house; and before seven o'clock a force of several hundreds had got together. The hour appointed for polling was half-past seven, but no Vice-Chancellor made his appearance; and it was not until eight o'clock that some men who had been watching Trinity gates came tearing along, urging their comrades to "whistle, whistle." And then arose a terrible yell from hundreds of voices surrounding the entrance opposite St. Mary's passage, at which the Vice-Chancellor was expected to go in. They were, however, disappointed of their prey, for admittance was gained quickly and quietly at the principal gate, on Senate-house Hill. On entering the schools, the Vice-Chancellor was greeted with sounds both complimentary and the reverse by a dense crowd of Masters of Arts. Before the Vice-Chancellor quitted the Schools, he requested the protection of the gentlemen present on his way home, and a body of them responded, and formed themselves into a guard around him. No sooner was the procession observed under the Library than an unearthly cry arose, and when the Vice-Chancellor emerged from the gate on Senate-house Hill he was beset by an infuriated mob, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he gained Trinity College unharmed, notwithstanding the persevering assistance of large numbers of members of the Senate. Such a scene has not been witnessed in Cambridge this many a day.

There can be no difference of opinion about the disgraceful nature of this scene. Only the other day, some French students were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for less; but, at the same time, that man cannot be held blameless whose injudicious and over-bearing conduct and general unfitness for his office have been the cause of an excitement so intense as to make a whole university forget that a scholar should also be a gentleman.

The Sabbath Observance Society have taken very high ground in their late deputation to Lord PALMERSTON. So large and influential a demonstration has seldom been brought to bear upon a question not of political importance. Between the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Mr. SMITH, every grade of society seemed represented; and the point at issue was put in the strongest possible light, when it was stated that, while the deputation deplored the great desecration of the Sabbath now rife among the people, they could only see in the opening of the Museums and other secular institutions an additional opportunity for unlawful work.

It is not often that a really valuable prize has to go begging; indeed, generally speaking, our surprise is excited by the number of competitors who come into the field to contest the most insignificant rewards. Here, however, is a prize of 300*l.* offered for the best essay upon a subject presenting no very extraordinary difficulty, and the judges are compelled to advertise the fact that not one of the compositions offered to them has been found to be satisfactory. The prize in question was offered by a gentleman in the civil service of the East India Company for the best "Statement and Refutation of the Hindoo Systems of Philosophy." The examiners appointed were the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishops of LONDON and OXFORD. Several essays were sent in; but the result is as we have stated. Under these circumstances, the examiners have resolved to extend the period for competition until the 31st of December 1857, by which time it is to be hoped that something will be produced worthy of the prize, if only to prove that the study of theological philosophy is not quite extinct in this country. The published advertisement states that the essays are to be given in

at the office of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Pall Mall—a branch (we suppose) of the Church Missionary Society, specially intended for the conversion of the Clubs.

In consequence of the remarks which we made in the last number upon the piratical proceedings of the American publishers, we have received the following note from Mr. LAWRENCE, the author of the "Life of Fielding":—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In your notice on the "Sayings and Doings of the Literary World" for February, I find it stated that "D. Appleton and Co., of New York," have announced my "Life of Fielding" for publication in America. This was to me a piece of news, as I have never received any communication from those gentlemen. But it is right for me to mention that Messrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, with a more honourable sense of an author's claims, had previously intimated that, if they published the work, they would pay something for the copyright. For this information I am indebted to Mr. H. C. Adams, a gentleman whose services to the English literary world are deserving of your recognition. Mr. Adams is not merely a powerful advocate for an equitable system of international copyright, but he has also generously interested himself, as I can gratefully testify, to obtain, in individual instances, a modicum of justice for English authors whose works are reprinted beyond the Atlantic.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

It is only just to Messrs. APPLETON to mention that they have hitherto borne a very high character for integrity and fair dealing, and we have little doubt, therefore, that they will eventually support that character in their conduct towards Mr. LAWRENCE.

The following entry in the Obituary of the *Times* newspaper possibly passed unnoticed under many an eye:—

On the 30th inst., at the early age of 33, the Very Rev. Theodore Buckley, late of Christ's Church, Oxford, deeply lamented and beloved by a large circle of friends. He resigned himself cheerfully in the hands of his Maker. A loss sincerely to be regretted by the literary world.

The subject of this notice (by some mistake called "the Very Reverend") was no other than THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, one of the Chaplains at Christ's Church, Oxford. The melancholy and early death of this gifted young man is, indeed, a matter to be "sincerely regretted by the literary world," and may serve to point a moral not altogether unprofitable to those whose ambition leads them to trust themselves in the

dangerous rapids of a literary life. As a scholar, Mr. BUCKLEY was great, even at Oxford. His knowledge of Greek was thorough, and his Latin prose has been pronounced by the late Dr. GAISFORD (one of the best judges of his time) to be the purest he had ever met with. Yet, with all these gifts and acquirements, Mr. BUCKLEY never succeeded in being anything but a mere booksellers' hack. To give some idea of the extraordinary range of his powers, we may mention that he edited ROUTLEDGE's edition of "Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible," abridged and modernised according to the most recent Biblical researches. He also translated the "Decrees of the Council of Trent," and some of BOHN's best translations were executed by him. Eventually he appears to have abandoned those departments of literature for which his talents so eminently fitted him, and to have attempted works of a lighter and more ephemeral nature. His principal essay in that direction was "The Adventures of Mr. Sydenham Greenfinch"—a production utterly unworthy of Mr. BUCKLEY's intellect. He is also understood to have contributed many Latin compositions of a politico-humorous tendency to the columns of the *Press*.

The most interesting announcement of the fortnight is by Mr. BENTLEY, of "Mrs. Fitzherbert's Papers." It is whispered that these documents include the proofs of that lady's marriage with GEORGE IV., a fact which was strenuously denied by the ministry of the day, upon the authority of that monarch's solemn asseveration.

We notice, among other news from Paris, that GEORGE SAND (Madame DUDEVANT) has been adapting SHAKSPEARE's "As you like it" for the French stage. The title of this travestie is "Comme il vous plaira;" a specimen of translation which reminds us of the Frenchman who rendered the well-known name of "The Green Man and Still" into "*L'Homme vert et tranquille*."

Mr. HENRY MAYHEW, after a prolonged absence on the Continent, is once more amongst us—active as ever, powerful as ever, original as ever. For fecundity of genius and bizarre originality he is DUMAS and DE BALZAC rolled into one. Scarcely has the admirable new guide-book to the Rhine been issued with the most triumphant success, when we hear of its author going deep into the Rugby poisoning cases for the benefit of the readers of the *Illustrated Times*; and now he issues the prospectus of a work which

is to surpass immeasurably his *magnum opus*, "London Labour, and the London Poor." This new work is to be called "The Great World of London;" and if the promises made be fully carried out it will be the greatest work yet written upon this inexhaustible topic. The purpose is to treat London, not as a collection of bricks and mortar, but as "a huge human vivarium, wherein one may learn the habits of the many 'odd fish' collected within it." It is to be "London contemplated morally rather than physically—as the great centre of human emotion—the scene of countless daily struggles, failures, and successes, as well as of the wildest passions and the keenest misery; of London, where the very best and the very worst types of civilised society are found to prevail,—with its prodigious wealth and enormous commerce; the choice learning, profound science, and high art of some of its people, existing in close companionship, as it were, with the most acute want and ingrained vice and brutal ignorance of others; the sweet Christian charity of many, raising palatial hospitals and asylums for the indigent and afflicted; and the bitter stony-heartedness of not a few, grinding, like the Ogre in the story, the bones of their work-people to make their bread." Such is the outline which Mr. MAYHEW himself gives of his proposed work, which, for the better arrangement of the subjects, is to be divided into Legal London, Medical London, Religious London, Commercial London, Shop London, Literary London, Theatrical London, Fashionable London, Political London, Genteel London, Military London, Nautical London, Market London, Working London, Sewing London, Locomotive London, Street London, East London, Poor London, Criminal London, and a crowd of other Londons. This plan is identical with that adopted by the authors of the "Petits-Paris," noticed in these columns about this time last year. From his vast knowledge of the subject, and the extraordinary power of his pen, no one is better fitted than Mr. HENRY MAYHEW to fill up the tremendous outline thus boldly sketched out.

We have had an opportunity of inspecting that portion of Mr. ALLIBONE's Bibliographical Dictionary which has already been printed, and are glad to hear that the entire work will be ready for issue in a very short time. We understand that arrangements have been made by Mr. TRUEBNER to publish it in America and in England on the same day. L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE ARTS.

Modern Painters. Vol. III., containing Part IV. "Of Many Things." By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. RUSKIN is and will be one of the notable men of England. His originality, honesty, boldness, and eloquence, have deservedly raised him above all other art-critics. His books are not only valuable, but highly entertaining, full of gorgeous descriptions, and earnest glances into the moral world, alternating or intermingled with dauntless and well-supported attacks on many received authorities and established reputations. There is the frank and healthful nobility of an original man in these utterances of the Oxford Graduate, and they have not failed to spread round them a strong wave of influence, which is not likely to subside without effect. The author fulfils the necessary condition of giving earnest and continued attention to the matter which he has chosen for study and criticism, that is, to "the complete examination of the canons of art received among us."

I have now given ten years of my life to the single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art, and spent them in labour as earnest and continuous as men usually undertake to gain position, or accumulate fortune... earnestly desiring to ascertain, and be able to teach, the truth respecting art; and also knowing that this truth was, by time and labour, definitely ascertainable.

The first portion of the volume before us is occupied with a very interesting and valuable discussion on "Greatness of Style," nominal and real. The characteristics of the real Great Style are declared to be—1, choice of noble subject; 2, love

of beauty; 3, sincerity; 4, invention. Under the first head we read that

The habitual choice of sacred subjects, such as the Nativity, Transfiguration, Crucifixion (if the choice be sincere), implies that the painter has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable; it constitutes him so far forth a painter of the highest order, as, for instance, Leonardo, in his painting of the Last Supper: he who delights in representing the acts or meditations of great men, as, for instance, Raphael painting the School of Athens, is, so far forth, a painter of the second order: he who represents the passions and events of ordinary life, of the third. And in this ordinary life, he who represents deep thoughts and sorrows, as, for instance, Hunt, in his "Claudio and Isabella," and such other works, is of the highest rank in his sphere; and he who represents the slight malignities and passions of the drawing-room, as, for instance, Leslie, of the second rank; he who represents the sports of boys or simplicities of clowns, as "Webster or Teniers," of the third rank; and he who represents brutalities and vices (for delight in them, and not for rebuke of them), of no rank at all, or rather of a negative rank, holding a certain order in the abyss.

The choice of high subjects must not only be sincere, but wise; a weak man degrades the subjects he intended to honour. Overbeck is given as a notable instance of this form of error. Moreover—

The choice which characterises the school of high art is seen as much in the treatment of a subject as in its selection, and the expression of the thoughts of the persons represented will always be the first thing considered by the painter who worthily enters that highest school. For the artist who sincerely chooses the noblest subject will also choose chiefly to represent what makes that subject noble, namely, the various heroism or other noble emotions of the per-

sons represented. If, instead of this, the artist seeks only to make his picture agreeable by the composition of its masses and colours, or by any other merely pictorial merit, as fine drawing of limbs, it is evident, not only that any other subject would have answered his purpose as well, but that he is unfit to approach the subject he has chosen, because he cannot enter into its deepest meaning, and therefore cannot in reality have chosen it for that meaning. Nevertheless, while the expression is always to be the first thing considered, all other merits must be added to the utmost of the painter's power; for until he can both colour and draw beautifully he has no business to consider himself a painter at all, far less to attempt the noblest subjects of painting; and, when he has once possessed himself of these powers, he will naturally and fitly employ them to deepen and perfect the impression made by the sentiment of his subject. The perfect union of expression, as the painter's main purpose, with the full and natural exertion of his pictorial power in the details of the work, is found only in the old Pre-Raphaelite periods, and in the modern Pre-Raphaelite school. In the works of Giotto, Angelico, Orcagna, John Bellini, and one or two more, these two conditions of high art are entirely fulfilled, so far as the knowledge of those days enabled them to be fulfilled; and in the modern Pre-Raphaelite school they are fulfilled nearly to the uttermost.

We have presented this long extract on account of its putting "finish" in its true relation to "expression," with so much clearness. The superseding expression by technical excellence, and its opposite error, are both attributed by Mr. Ruskin to the operation of men's vanity. Under the second head we are instructed that high art

consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature; but in seeking throughout nature for "whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are

pure;" in loving these, in displaying to the utmost of the painter's power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts of others to them by winning art, or gentle emphasis. Of the degree in which this can be done, and in which it may be permitted to gather together, without falsifying, the finest forms or thoughts, so as to create a sort of perfect vision, we shall have to speak hereafter: at present, it is enough to remember that art (*ceteris paribus*) is great in exact proportion to the love of beauty shown by the painter, provided that love of beauty forfeit no atom of truth.

The third—

Characteristic of great art is that it includes the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony. If it were possible for art to give all the truths of nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which can be represented, from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even, in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterwards the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious sum.

And further—

It follows from this principle, that in general all great drawing is *distinct* drawing; for truths which are rendered indistinctly might, for the most part, as well not be rendered at all. There are, indeed, certain facts of mystery, and facts of indistinctness, in all objects, which must have their proper place in the general harmony; and the reader will presently find me, when we come to that part of our investigation, telling him that all good drawing must in some sort be indistinct. We may, however, understand this apparent contradiction, by reflecting that the highest knowledge always involves a more advanced perception of the fields of the unknown; and, therefore, it may most truly be said, that to know anything well involves a profound sensation of ignorance, while yet it is equally true that good and noble knowledge is distinguished from vain and useless knowledge chiefly by its clearness and distinctness, and by the vigorous consciousness of what is known and what is not. So in art. The best drawing involves a wonderful perception and expression of indistinctness; and yet all noble drawing is separated from the ignoble by its distinctness, by its fine expression and firm assertion of *something*; whereas the bad drawing, without either firmness or fineness, expresses and asserts *nothing*. The first thing, therefore, to be looked for as a sign of noble art, is a clear consciousness of what is drawn and what is not; the bold statement, and frank confession—"This I know," "that I know not;" and, generally speaking, all haste, slurring, obscurity, indecision, are signs of low art, and all calmness, distinctness, luminousness, and positiveness, of high art.

IV. INVENTION.—The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, be produced by the imagination. In this respect, it must precisely fulfil the definition already given of poetry; and not only present grounds for noble emotion, but furnish these grounds by *imaginative power*.

Let us add the following summary:—

And now, finally, since this poetical power includes the historical, if we glance back to the other qualities required in great art, and put all together, we find that the sum of them is simply the sum of all the powers of man. For as (1) the choice of the high subject involves all conditions of right moral choice, and as (2) the love of beauty involves all conditions of right admiration, and as (3) the grasp of truth involves all strength of sense, evenness of judgment, and honesty of purpose, and as (4) the poetical power involves all swiftness of invention, and accuracy of historical memory, the sum of all these powers is the sum of the human soul. Hence we see why the word "great" is used of this art. It is literally great. It compasses and calls forth the entire human spirit; whereas any other kind of art, being more or less small or narrow, compasses and calls forth only *part* of the human spirit. Hence the idea of its magnitude is a literal and just one, the art being simply less or greater in portion to the number of faculties it exercises and addresses. And this is the ultimate meaning of the definition I gave of it long ago, as containing the "greatest number of the greatest ideas."

We believe that in the first forty pages of the volume before us Mr. Ruskin has traced and expounded the principles of "High Art" more lucidly and soundly than any preceding critic. And here let us say, once for all, that our author's virtues of head and heart are so large, fine and noble, that we are prepared to accept everything from him with grave respect; and if at any time we are led into a suspicion of his judgment or consistency, we do not admit the objection without examination, nor adopt it, if we must, without reluctance.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters treat of the False and the True Ideal.

In reference to these we have this fundamental remark:—

Nearly all artistical and poetical seeking after the ideal is only one branch of this base habit—the abuse of the imagination, in allowing it to find its whole delight in the impossible and untrue; while the faithful pursuit of the ideal is an honest use of the imagination, giving full power and presence to the possible and true. It is the difference between these two uses of it which we have to examine.

Early art "asserted nothing, for it could realise nothing." It only presented symbols, which set the spectator's imagination to work. The school of Angelico painted untruths, as the rich robes of the Virgin, to glorify their subject; the school of Raphael employed religious subjects for the display of art, and, while more realistic, became also lower in motive, seeking truths for pride's sake, and producing "compositions" in which, at last, a "Supper at Emmaus" is made "the background for two children playing with a dog."

In treating of the False Ideal in "Profane" Art, Mr. Ruskin writes in a strain which is surely deserving of grave consideration:—

Modern education, not in art only, but in all other things referable to the same standard, has invariably given taste in this bad sense; it has given fastidiousness of choice without judgment, superciliousness of manner without dignity, refinement of habit without purity, grace of expression without sincerity, and desire of loveliness without love; and the modern "ideal" of high art is a curious mingling of the gracefulness and reserve of the drawing-room with a certain measure of classical sensuality. Of this last element, and the singular artifices by which vice succeeds in combining it with what appears to be pure and severe, it would take us long to reason fully; I would rather leave the reader to follow out for himself the consideration of the influence, in this direction, of statues, bronzes, and paintings, as at present employed by the upper circles of London, and (especially) Paris; and this not so much in the works which are really fine, as in the multiplied coarse copies of them; taking the widest range, from Danaë's Ariadne down to the amorous shepherd and shepherdess in china on the drawing-room time-piece, rigidly questioning, in each case, how far the charm of the art does indeed depend on some appeal to the inferior passions. Let it be considered, for instance, exactly how far the value of a picture of a girl's head by Greuze would be lowered in the market, if the dress, which now leaves the bosom bare, were raised to the neck; and how far, in the commonest lithograph of some utterly popular subject,—for instance, the teaching of Uncle Tom by Eva,—the sentiment which is supposed to be excited by the exhibition of Christianity in youth is complicated with that which depends upon Eva's having a dainty foot and a well-made satin slipper:—and then, having completely determined for himself how far the element exists, consider farther, whether, when art is thus frequent (for frequent he will assuredly find it to be) in its appeal to the lower passions, it is likely to attain the highest order of merit, or be judged by the truest standards of judgment. For, of all the causes which have combined, in modern times, to lower the rank of art, I believe this to be one of the most fatal; while, reciprocally, it may be questioned how far society suffers, in its turn, from the influences possessed over it by the arts it has degraded. It seems to me a subject of the very deepest interest to determine what has been the effect upon the European nations of the great change by which art became again capable of ministering delicately to the lower passions, as it had in the worst days of Rome.

True Idealism our author arranges under three heads, Purist, Naturalist, Grotesque. The first belongs to tender and holy-hearted men who try to keep out all evil and ugliness, such as Fra Angelico, and our own Stothard. In reference to a young German landscape-painter of similar tendency, the following exquisite passage occurs:—

It was impossible not to sympathise deeply with the spirit of such a painter: and it was just cause for gratitude to be permitted to travel, as it were, through Italy with such a friend. But his work had, nevertheless, its stern limitations and marks of everlasting inferiority. Always soothing and pathetic, it could never be sublime, never perfectly nor entrancingly beautiful; for the narrow spirit of correction could not cast itself fully into any scene; the calm cheerfulness which shrank from the shadow of the cypress, and the distortion of the olive, could not enter into the brightness of the sky that they pierced, nor the softness of the bloom that they bore: for every sorrow that his heart turned from, he lost a consolation; for every fear which he dared not confront, he lost a portion of his hardness; the unseparated sweep of the storm-clouds, the fair freedom of glancing shower and flickering sunbeam, sank into sweet rectitudes and decent formalisms; and, before eyes that refused to be dazzled or darkened, the hours of sunset wreathed their rays unheeded, and

the mists of the Apennines spread their blue veils in vain.

In the concluding remarks under this head we read:—

It is finally to be remembered, therefore, that Purism is always noble when it is *instinctive*. It is not the greatest thing that can be done, but it is probably the greatest thing that the man who does it can do, provided it comes from his heart. True, it is a sign of weakness, but it is not in our choice whether we will be weak or strong; and there is a certain strength which can only be made perfect in weakness.

Passing to the Naturalist Ideal—

The question is, how the art which represents things simply as they are, can be called ideal at all. How does it meet that requirement stated in Chap. III. § 4, as imperative on all great art, that it shall be inventive, and a product of the imagination? It meets it pre-eminently by that power of arrangement which I have endeavoured, at great length and with great pains, to define accurately in the chapter on Imagination associative in the second volume. That is to say, accepting the weaknesses, faults, and wrongnesses in all things that it sees, it so places and harmonises them that they form a noble whole, in which the imperfection of each several part is not only harmless, but absolutely essential, and yet in which whatever is good in each several part shall be completely displayed.

It is subsequently added that the whole power of poet or painter, to describe rightly what we call an ideal thing, depends upon its being to him a *real* thing, either to actual sight or sight of faith; also that "there is never vulgarity in a whole truth, however commonplace."

Grotesque is defined as

The expression, in a moment, by a series of symbols thrown together in bold and fearless connection, of truths which it would have taken a long time to express in any verbal way, and of which the connection is left for the beholder to work out for himself; the gaps, left or over-leaped by the haste of the imagination, forming the grotesque character. . . All noble grotesques are concentrations of this kind, and the noblest convey truths which nothing else could convey; and not only so, but convey them, in minor cases with a delightfulness—in the higher instances with an awfulness—which no mere utterance of the symbolised truth would have possessed, but which belongs to the effort of the mind to unweave the riddle, or to the sense it has of there being an infinite power and meaning in the thing seen, beyond all that is apparent therein, giving the highest sublimity even to the most trivial object so presented and so contemplated.

A Lombard-Gothic griffin from the Cathedral of Verona is compared with a griffin of classic Rome, and the true imaginative ideal of the former triumphantly contrasted with the patchwork and lifeless formalism of the latter.

Chapter nine treats of "finish"—of how far the representation of what has been truly imagined is to be carried out. The question between deliberate incompleteness and the closest possible realisation of presentment is at this moment the chief ground of opposition between two schools of painting in Europe; the most advanced party of the "realisation" being the English Pre-Raphaelites. Our author opens the subject with the remark that there are two separate kinds of finish—one of *workmanship*, when that is neat and symmetrical, the other of *work*, adding to the value and comprehensiveness, or essential completeness; the finish belonging to the arts "does not consist in smoothness or polishing, but in completeness of the expression of ideas." A distinction well worth pondering. Some artists are elaborate for smoothness sake, and the credit they may get for great labour and delicate manipulation;

But other artists finish for the impression's sake not to show their skill, nor to produce a smooth piece of work, but that they may, with each stroke, render clearer the expression of knowledge. And this sort of finish is not, properly speaking, so much *completing* the picture as *adding* to it. It is not that what is painted is more delicately done, but that infinitely more is painted. . . All true finish is *added fact*.

Chapter ten is on the Use of Pictures. They speak from and to the true imagination, and "in their various differences from reality become the expression of the power and intelligence of a companionable human soul." This "simple but very precious conclusion" is the sum of all

That greatness in art (as assuredly in all other things, but more distinctly in this than in most of them) is not a teachable nor gainable thing, but the expression of the mind of a God-made great man; that teach, or preach, or labour as you will, everlasting difference is set between one man's capacity and another's; and that this God-given supremacy is

the priceless thing, always just as rare in the world at one time as another.

The subject of the eleventh chapter is the novelty of landscape-painting. It is wholly a modern art, and implies some extraordinary change in human nature. The contrast between ancient and modern times is very strikingly drawn, and the question—Is the passionate admiration of inanimate objects that distinguishes the modern a proof of progress?—is carefully discussed. Here let us observe that we are not always able to feel satisfied with Mr. Ruskin's way of setting his views or conclusions before us. If not incoherent, they have sometimes an uncomfortable appearance of being so, as if, instead of harmonising opposites, the writer were contenting himself with putting together contradictions, with a cement of honesty and frankness which he takes for granted must ensure the needed unity of effect.

Classical Landscape is illustrated from Homer, and shown to indicate a constant dwelling on the pleasant and useful features of the earth in relation to man. The favourite scenes are those of *flatness*, cultivation, and regularity; marshy meadows, poplars, quiet fountains. Height and ruggedness are usually regarded with awe, dread, or dislike. Dante is chosen as the representative of the Medieval mind in relation to landscape. The Mediaevals are found agreeing with the ancients in a love of flat, hospitable, cultivated places, and an awe and horror of mountains and rocks; but, instead of fields and farming, they choose *gardens* and pleasurable idleness, have a sentimental enjoyment in flowers and external nature, and look to the mountains not with the same feeling of difficulty or of mysterious Deity, but with emotions of a disturbed conscience, as the fit abode of penitence and mortification. Forests they fear for their dangers, and have a peculiar dislike for the sea, which our author reserves for separate discussion, in a work on the "Harbours of England," which he has now in preparation. The Greek and the Mediaeval were at one in concentrating their main delight and admiration upon "the superb presence of human beauty," and the strength of art-genius in the middle ages was employed in setting forth this beauty by the utmost splendour of apparel. In both the love of order and symmetry led to dislike of the wildness and mystery of nature, and the symbolic and heraldic duties required of mediaeval art tended still farther to the reduction of natural forms to marked patterns, which custom made easily distinguishable. Hence followed inaccuracy in the observance of nature, from the habitual practice of change in its forms. The first mediaeval landscapes were purely typical, given to explain the scene of the event, and firmly outlined, usually on a golden or chequer-patterned background, the golden being characteristic of the finest thirteenth century work, the chequered of the finest fourteenth; the change to "blue sky, graduated to the horizon, takes place early in the fifteenth century, and is the *crisis* of change in the spirit of mediaeval art," imitation being more and more aimed at, until we reach the Turnerian landscape. In the Dantesque landscape, contrasted with the modern, one of the most striking characteristics is its *formality*; contrasted with the Grecian, its variety and distinctness of *colouring*. Here we have a query to put: Mr. Ruskin speaks often of the Greek love of *purple*, and evidently refers to the very colour by that word at the present day; but was this the colour which a Greek was accustomed to think of when he used the word *porphyreos*? Certainly the Greeks were very vague and careless in speaking of colours.

Turning to Modern Landscape, we are first struck with its *cloudiness*.

Out of perfect light and motionless air, we find ourselves on a sudden brought under sombre skies, and into drifting wind; and, with fickle sunbeams flashing in our face, or utterly drenched with sweep of rain, we are reduced to track the changes of the shadows on the grass, or watch the rents of twilight through angry cloud. And we find that whereas all the pleasure of the mediaeval was in *stability, definiteness, and luminousness*, we are expected to rejoice in darkness, and triumph in mutability; to lay the foundation of happiness in things which momentarily change or fade; and to expect the utmost satisfaction and instruction from what it is impossible to arrest, and difficult to comprehend.

Aerial perspective becomes of first-rate importance; at last all the rest of the scene is subordinated to the sky, and landscape art becomes "the service of clouds"—indicative of modern doubt, haste, love of the uncertain and

indefinite; also of the modern love of liberty, even to licenses, fearlessly rejoicing and exulting in mountains, rocks, waves, and all the ruggedness and wildness of nature. This fearlessness amounts to a "general profanity of temper" in modern landscape. Here Mr. Ruskin digresses a little, after his wont, into a summary view of modern literature and art, which is worth taking note of, however we may differ (and we do differ) from his opinion as to the source and nature of the so-called *unbelief* of our times.

Nearly all our powerful men in this age of the world are unbelievers; the best of them in doubt and misery; the worst in reckless defiance; the plurality, in plodding hesitation, doing, as well as they can, what practical work lies ready to their hands. Most of our scientific men are in this last class; our popular authors either set themselves definitely against all religious form, pleading for simple truth and benevolence (Thackeray, Dickens), or give themselves up to bitter and fruitless statement of facts (De Balzac), or surface-painting (Scott), or careless blasphemy, sad or smiling (Byron, Beranger). Our earnest poets, and deepest thinkers, are doubtful and indignant (Tennyson, Carlyle); one or two, anchored, indeed, but anxious or weeping (Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning); and of these two, the first is not so sure of his anchor, but that now and then it drags with him, even to make him cry out:

Great God, I had rather be
A Pagan, snatched in some creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

In politics, religion is now a name; in art, a hypocrisy or affectation. Over German religious pictures the inscription, "See how pious I am," can be read at a glance by any clear-sighted person. Over French and English religious pictures, the inscription, "See how impious I am," is equally legible. All sincere and modest art is, among us, profane.*

The subject here touched on is too weighty for a mere passing treatment; but we may just ask in what accurate sense Carlyle (whom Mr. Ruskin "reads constantly," and whose "stronger thinking" he finds to "colour his continually" [see appendix]) is "*doubtful*?" We also read Carlyle very much, and have found him most sure, deep-rooted, and inflexibly fixed in his convictions. It is true he would laugh very loud at such whimsies of interpretation as his admirer and student occasionally indulges in (for example, at the end of Chapter XIV. in the present volume), and would sternly refuse to accept Mr. Ruskin's particular formula in test of "belief" or "unbelief," any more than Cardinal Wiseman's or Brigham Young's. Carlyle, too, has given his reading of the modern spirit, and declares its most notable and worst characteristic to be widely spread and multifarious *Jesuitism*—conscious or unconscious—and very often loudly calling itself *Belief*.

Scott is selected as the type of modern literature—how justly or unjustly we shall not pause to inquire. Scott is declared, among other things, to be "inherently and consistently sad;" and of all the poetry Mr. Ruskin knows, "none is so sorrowful as Scott's." We must confess this chapter appears to us to be irrelevant, superficial, and worthless; and the following one—"On the Moral of Landscape"—to have the same faults in a higher degree, along with inconsistencies amounting to contradiction, and rashness amounting to insolence. Having undertaken to prove that an intense love of natural beauty betokens, in modern times, the possession of an intellect inferior to most "of the first order," he sets before us the following preposterous catalogue, which, in reference to its object, is fallacious in so many ways that it would be waste of time to expose its absurdity. The love of natural beauty (says Mr. Ruskin)

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| (1.) It is subordinate in | (2.) It is intense in |
| Bacon. | Mrs. Radclyffe. |
| Milton. | St. Pierre. |
| Johnson. | Shenstone. |
| Richardson. | Byron. |
| Goldsmith. | Shelley. |
| Young. | Keats. |
| Newton. | Burns. |
| Howard. | Eugene Sue. |
| Fenelon. | George Sand. |
| Pascal. | Dumas. |

In his preface Mr. Ruskin defies any one to impugn the logic of his writings; but certainly the man who could expect to prove anything from such a list as the above must have some curious defect or twist in his intellect, a screw loose some-

* Pre-Raphaelitism, of course, excepted, which is a new phase of art, in no wise considered in this chapter. Blake was sincere, but full of wild creeds, and somewhat diseased in brain.

where. We say this with pain, proportionate to our respect, which is sincere and strong, for our author's fine and noble qualities, fully displayed in this as in his many previous works; but say it we must, for we are acquainted with no other great author so liable as he to be tempted into rash decision of abstruse and perhaps inscrutable questions, making his own prejudices into premises, sliding between logic and rhetoric at convenience, and delivering himself with an eloquent and mordant emphasis which lends a factitious value to his crudest opinions. To return to the matter immediately in hand, we find Mr. Ruskin, after blowing hot and cold several times in quick alternation, arriving at the following conclusion with regard to love of nature:—

If we now take final and full view of the matter, we shall find that the love of nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of human feeling; that is to say, supposing all circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be *always* found to have more *faith in God* than the other.

The 18th and last chapter of the present volume is entitled "The Teachers of Turner," and falls foul of Claude with renewed vigour, with a blow by the way at *Blackwood's Magazine*, and an eloquent but somewhat artificial peroration for the Crimean war. The engravings in illustration of this volume are remarkably careful, and some of them exquisitely delicate. The landscape from Raphael at page 320 is surprisingly true to the painter's manner. Three of the engravings, from drawings by Mr. Ruskin, the frontispiece and the two Italian views numbered 14 and 15, are very beautiful, but of no use in illustration of the letterpress as far as that carries us, and must have added considerably to the cost of the book. Probably their special appropriateness will appear when we receive the fourth volume of the work, which is announced to be published in the present month.

HISTORY.

History of England. Vols. III. and IV. By T. B. MACAULAY. London: Longman and Co.

(Continued from page 64.)

A STRIKING instance of the mischief of thus writing history on principles of imaginary optimism, as the attributes of a favourite party, appears in the treatment which Claverhouse of Dundee receives from Mr. Macaulay. Dundee was a Jacobite; Dundee was the scourge of Presbyterianism. As such, it was not to be expected that he would be treated mercifully at the hands of an author in whose veins it is apparent that much of the blood of the slaughtered Covenanters still flows, and in whose ardent and antiquity-steeped spirit the Whiggism of 1688 is still a living and motive principle. It was, perhaps, to be expected that the partisanship which was able to mislead a spirit so noble into a feeble and futile palliation of the butchery of Glencoe—which induced it to speak of one of the most atrocious massacres on record as an error of judgment, or an inadvertency caused by the pressure of William's state difficulties—would also warp that fine intelligence into an equally harsh severity when judging of similar deeds committed by an adversary. Hence, while William, the undoubted midnight assassin of the Macdonalds, is dismissed, with a gentle reprimand, to the reflections of a virtuous conscience; Dundee, the soldier and mere instrument of a policy which he did not originate, is described as knowing how well he had earned the hatred of the Covenanters; as "haunted by that consciousness of inexpiable guilt, and by that dread of a terrible retribution, which the ancient polytheists personified under the awful name of the Furies." Where did Mr. Macaulay learn this fact? He gives no authority for it, and apparently has drawn on his picturesque imagination for it. Or has he been confounding fiction with history, and remembered only Wandering Willie's tale in "Redgauntlet," and the Satanic banquet where Claverhouse sat moodily silent, bending down his handsome face, and hiding with his hand the aperture through which the fabulous silver ball found its way into his gallant heart? Again, why is the bravest and most chivalrous of the Jacobites to be charged with fear of assassination? Such fear may well be pardoned, for it belongs notoriously to the bravest men, as it belonged to Cromwell. But it should not be attributed lightly to one to whom fearlessness of death was the essential breath of life.

In the present instance there seems to be no ground for such a charge. Mr. Macaulay writes apparently from the Memoirs of Balcarras, who stands by no means as high, even in Mr. Macaulay's estimation, as Sir James Dalrymple, to whose memoirs Mr. Macaulay makes no reference, but who, in telling the tale of Dundee's flight, speaks only of Dundee's indignation when it was insinuated to him that he feared assassination. This version seemed the true one to Sir Walter Scott; why should it be less credible to Mr. Macaulay? It is not right that Dundee should be justified for his unnecessary cruelties, any more than it is reasonable that he should be forgiven as the hero of one of the noblest of modern fictions, and of one of the most spirit-stirring of national songs; but all who have delighted—as who has not delighted?—in the “Claverhouse of Old Mortality” and the “Bonnet of Bonnie Dundee,” may fairly complain that Mr. Macaulay has yielded to some very common prejudices in misrepresenting, or mistaking, the historical character of a loyal and gallant gentleman.

On the time-honoured, but somewhat threadbare question of the Nonjurors, every just thinker must agree entirely with Mr. Macaulay. The utmost that can be said for them, and especially for the recusant bishops, is, that they were the self-immolated victims of a morbid conscientiousness and casuistry which were as much opposed to sound ethics and divinity as they were to the unquestionable necessities of the crisis. The scruples of the English clergy were undoubtedly creditable to them as a class, as all scruples are creditable when opposed to the worldly interests of their holders; and our admiring respect is due to those unfortunate gentlemen who, believing that no excess of oppression could absolve them from their sworn allegiance to James Stuart, followed the fallen fortunes of himself and his family through sixty subsequent years of disastrous struggles. But for those clergymen and those bishops who gave up the keystone of their political creed—the doctrine of passive obedience—in an extremity of persecution, and recurred to it as soon as the spoiler had passed over their thresholds, and was sapping the fundamental rights and liberties of the whole nation, we profess no sympathy nor respect whatever; at least, no more than we do for the man who, after having had his own blazing house saved by his neighbours, remains aloof, or stands indifferently near, while the rest of the city is in flames. To modern Englishmen it seems too clear for reasoning that, either the seven bishops were wrong, at the memorable trial, in resisting James, or wrong in refusing allegiance to William. As to the casuistry of the matter, it was apparent from their conduct that they held that some sort of oppression and injustice on the part of the sovereign justified some sort of resistance—in fact, absolute disobedience—on the part of the people. But, in conceding thus much, they conceded all that the most violent revolutionists require as premises for their conclusions. Passive obedience, in its simple and literal sense, was evidently a myth and a hallucination. Resistance was allowable, however unlawful rebellion might be. But who shall draw a line of practical conduct between resistance to, and rebellion against, constituted authorities? If logic and common sense be worth anything, the distinction can be one only of degree, and not of essence. The extent of the resistance must be measured by the extent of the oppression; and the extremity of oppression will therefore evidently justify the extremity of resistance. In other words, tyranny absolves allegiance and justifies rebellion. For it is not enough that extreme oppression should be resisted and overcome; but it is also right and necessary that prudent and safe precautions should be taken to prevent the recurrence of the same or of similar oppression; and, granting this ethical truism, it follows that every man's own conscience must be the arbiter whether the occasion is one merely for protest, or resistance, or, in the last resort, rebellion against the rulers of a country. But such a question is one rather of discretion than of casuistry; it is for the judgment much more than for the conscience. It is clear also, without recurring to the doctrine of an original and social contract between the rulers and the ruled, that, if the construction put upon an oath of allegiance by the Nonjurors be the right one, and if the spirit of an oath is to be interpreted by its literal terms, it is broken, and therefore virtually as much violated, by a passive as by an active resistance to arbitrary misrule.

We have referred to Glencoe; but must express a still more distinct opinion about the character and circumstances of that fearful massacre. Mr. Macaulay does not attempt to palliate its unequalled atrocity and treachery, and thus far is fair and frank enough in coinciding with the popular view of a hundred and sixty years. He writes in terms of dignified and human-hearted horror of the legal subtlety which treated as null and void an oath of allegiance which was tendered by the unfortunate Macdonalds within the time prescribed by law, and which was received and registered as valid by the representatives of royalty. He does full justice to the infamy of those who, knowing these facts, availed themselves of an untenable legal equivocation to quarter a military force as friends on the unsuspecting victims, whose hospitality they received for twelve days, with orders at the end of that period to butcher every adult and infant Macdonald of Glencoe. He draws a picture of confiding friendship and of perfidious stratagem, compared with which the plot of Guy Faux and Digby was an innocent or excusable expedient. He describes the mystery in which the whole affair was buried for three years, and then the shuddering burst of execration which permeated the island from John O'Groat's to Land's End. Having thus confessed the fact in its utmost form of merciless and inexcusable inhumanity, it becomes Mr. Macaulay's natural anxiety to excuse, although he does not profess to justify, William's part in the transaction. The whole blame is thrown on the Master of Stair, to whom undoubtedly belongs the principal and immediate guilt; but even this accomplished master of iniquity is described as acting from high, although mistaken, notions of state-policy. Is this so? Is there any state-policy so comprehensive in its necessary neglect of the commonest first principles of society, that will excuse the wisest and best for assassinating even robbers and pirates who have been received into grace, who have given no fresh offence, and who have been treated for long as friends, kinsmen, and boon-companions? The intellectual accomplishments of the Master of Stair add tenfold turpitude to his crime; and it is, we contend, as much without excuse as Mr. Macaulay admits it to be without justification. But how does the evidence affect the King? He was so engaged, says Mr. Macaulay, with foreign affairs that he knew not that he was signing an order to “extirpate” the Macdonalds; and Mr. Macaulay, treating the question, we submit, as erroneously on philological as on philosophical grounds, attributes equal acumen to the maker and ministers of that order, and contends that an order to “extirpate” bore properly the meaning only of an order to reform, reorganise, settle, and, in extreme cases, to remove, perhaps by exile or transportation, the more turbulent Highlanders of Glencoe. This reasoning is, perhaps, ingenious, but certainly shallow and unsatisfactory. It is not in such language that kings convey to their servants an injunction to reconstruct the society of a disturbed district; and whether the word “extirpate” be determined according to its radical or popular sense, we believe that then, as now, it would convey to the minds of scholars, as of soldiers, a signification of an injunction to destroy root and branch—in short, to exterminate by fire and sword. With the knowledge, therefore, that William signed such an order, couched in such language; and that subsequently, with a perfect acquaintance with the manner in which that order had been carried out, he refused to hold his authorised agent responsible for the wilful excess of his authority; are we not bound to hold William himself guilty of having both authorised and sanctioned one of the darkest acts in the annals of human nature, and one which must ever blot his otherwise fair name?

But we turn willingly from the ungracious duty of blaming a noble king and an equally noble historian. The faults of detail, and the errors of fact or judgment are too few and minute to impair the perennial value of Mr. Macaulay's history. For we are not of those who hold that a history must be wanting in substance because it is studiously picturesque in form; nor do we join with that erroneous narrow-mindedness which holds that the same man cannot excel in more than one branch of accomplishment. On the contrary, it is the condition and essence of the highest ability that it should be multifarious and versatile in nature; and it happens always in literature, and generally in all intellectual accomplishments, that the highest perfection can

be attained only by the converging rays of manifold qualities culminating into a focus and apex of power and brilliancy. For it is in intellectual as in animal nature, that the highest force results from the perfect development of different members; and where it is attempted to develop one member only into an inordinate excess, while the rest are left torpid and flaccid, the product is an unnatural and monstrous distortion rather than a compact and serviceable nucleus of local strength. Thus it is with the historian; and, therefore, cautious and cool-blooded thinkers will do well to pause before they assume rather, than conclude, that the exuberant outward bloom and beauty of Mr. Macaulay's writings indicate a latent deficiency of fibre, muscle, and bone; in other words, they will do well to be prepared amply with instances of historical inaccuracies before they lay the flattering unction to their souls that, because Mr. Macaulay is a rhetorician and a poet, therefore he is not to be compared to Dryasdust for the accumulation and sifting of facts. We do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Macaulay's researches prodigious, such as have never been surpassed, and such as seldom have been equalled, by any historian. He has in almost every instance broken new ground: he has exhausted libraries of mouldering literature and records which previously were scarcely known to the reading public even by name. When we compare his labours, we will not say with the flimsy inquiries of Hume, but we will say even with the deep and pains-taking researches of Gibbon or Niebuhr, we affirm confidently that they will stand and equal the comparison. His perfect historical style is not the subterfuge of emptiness, but the consummate flower of fulness. He writes from the fulness of his deep learning and varied accomplishments, and not from the dangerous impulses of superficial fluency. Whenever he writes a sentence he states a fact, expresses a sentiment, or suggests an idea. The fact is his own genuine acquisition; the sentiment and idea are his own personal elaborations; and the manly raciness of his style is but the natural efflux of his own well-digested and luminous reasoning.

And yet, conceding to him fully the art of history, we must venture to intimate a doubt whether he is as perfect in the science. An impatient reader may with some ground object that he intersperses disquisitions, in the nature of imaginary party soliloquies, too liberally and unnecessarily; but, although many will treat these pages as so many purple patches of “skip,” the authority of Thucydides and Livy and Tacitus may be taken as sufficient to support the practice. But there are other, and we think, graver objections to be taken to some of the fundamental principles, on which Mr. Macaulay, with all his modern enlightenment, has violated his own precepts, and fallen into the very errors which he has cautioned his pupils to avoid. He has taught them that history ought not to be what it used to be, a dry chronicle of wars and state-intrigues—still less an almanac of facts which contain neither instruction nor entertainment. He has taught them on the contrary, that a history of England, to deserve the name, should be the history, not of kings, not of favourites, not of plots, counterplots, and executions, nor even of great revolutions alone; but that it ought to be a history of the people—a history of social progress and social changes—the brief chronicle and epitome especially of the condition, habits, characters, and manners of the nation, in the advancing or retrogressive development of consecutive generations. It should show us distinctly how we resemble our ancestors, and how we differ from them; how we are better and wiser; and how, if at all, we are inferior to them. Have we lost or are we losing in pith, what we have gained, or what we are gaining, in mature refinement? Have we been merely playing over again, on a larger scale, the melancholy fate of Roman grandeur and Roman decay?—are we still ascending to our meridian, or sinking to our sunset? But, above all, we want especially to know how we have become, not so much what we are as a nation, as what we are as a society. Surely the historical muse may deign to sing whence and how sprung up the strangely-complicated system of artificial life, in which we move and have our being. How was formed that stereotyped form of idea and language, which is gradually spreading a cold, level, and lifeless surface of polished uniformity over all our thoughts, actions, and external presence? When and how did the alabaster close over the rough salience of English

character? Is it well that all things are done according to rule, and few or none according to nature?

Such questions are more interesting, and the right answers to such questions incalculably more interesting, and more instructive to readers, than the most picturesque descriptions of cabinet intrigues, battles, sieges, and revolutions. The political events of the Revolution of 1688 still affect the condition of the nation, and of every individual in it; but the plots of Charnock and Fenwick concern the nation no more now than the fact that they were born and died. Why should valuable space be occupied by details of the mode in which they conspired and how they failed? Tell us rather, much more profitably, how a Gloucestershire peasant contrived to support his family in the year 1690; how he clothed and fed them; how he taught, and how he amused them. Let us know how people of the middle station, like ourselves, passed their lives; how they thought, talked, and even dressed, or played cards. If a philosophy and a mind, such as are the singular gift of Mr. Macaulay are true to their high purposes and profession, he will henceforward tell us less about battles and plots and much more about men and society. His one admirable chapter in his first volume was an excellent specimen of his power in this respect; and we believe that there has been an universal sentiment of disappointment and regret that he then only tasted, rather than exhausted the subject. He has not returned to it, and yet he has still to write the history of English manners in the eighteenth century. How easy would such a task be to a mind so completely saturated with its literature; but we trust that he is reserving the most effective portion of his history for the times, which he is rapidly approaching, when he will paint the manners of the age from the unfading pages of the *Spectator* and his contemporaries. Such a picture will well repay Mr. Macaulay's readers even for an abridged narrative of Marlborough's battles, and of the tea-table squabbling between the grim Duchess and Mrs. Masham. PHIL.

BIOGRAPHY.

An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings, of John Milton, with an Introduction to Paradise Lost. By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, Author of "Mythology of Greece and Italy," "Fairy Mythology," "History of England," &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

In these days of review-article writing, rapid book-making, and "Read and Run Libraries," it is something to find a great author in the hands of an editor richly qualified in all acquired knowledge for his undertaking. The extensive learning of Mr. Keightley, not in languages only; his historic knowledge, with the particular study of the events of Milton's time demanded and evidenced by his "History of England;" and his habits of diligent research, which have been more than once specially directed to the elucidation of the romantic and fabulous literature so continually interwoven with the texture of Milton's writings—point him out as peculiarly capable of forming an opinion on the poet's life and labours, and of assisting others by its expression. Add to these qualifications one more, without which the others were but too likely to fall dead—that Mr. Keightley has been a lifelong and enthusiastic student of Milton's poems. He first read "Paradise Lost," as the preface notifies, "just as he was emerging from mere boyhood;" afterwards the other works:

Ever since, the poetry of Milton has formed my constant study—a source of delight in prosperity, of strength and consolation in adversity. It is now somewhat more than a quarter of a century since I first conceived the idea of endeavouring to render this noble poetry more intelligible, and consequently more attractive and useful, to readers in general. The result has been the present volume, and an annotated edition of the poems, now ready for the press.

In his treatment of the subject, Mr. Keightley displays the honest self-confidence requisite in an editor, and the resolution to say all that is known of his author, whether through positive fact or fair inference, and no more; the latter a point scarcely less important than the former, and more rarely attended to. His work, so far as the present instalment goes, is what it professes to be—*An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings, of John Milton.* "Fine writing"—the bane of contemporary literature, and mostly an indication

that a man has taken up a theme to which he is not equal—he avoids, or rather eschews, having "little talent and still less taste for it." The biographic particulars which he has collected are in themselves definite and valuable, and are put with luminous order and conciseness. They appear to include everything that can be said of the man with certainty, every material of fact that can be brought before the reader as the sure basis on which his conclusions are to be formed. The whole has been subject to careful collation and sifting—fallacy detected, gossip discarded, and truth certified. At the same time, Mr. Keightley's useful positivism does not interfere with the copious expression of opinion; critical views and conclusions being, on the contrary, freely interspersed with the statement of accurate fact. Speaking for our own part, we can unreservedly say that this volume gives us a much more exact knowledge of what Milton did and was, so far as that can be gathered from the circumstances of his life, than we had acquired elsewhere.

The Life, the Opinions, and the Writings, form each a separate section of the work; followed by the Introduction to "Paradise Lost." The first, again, is subdivided into periods of his career—firstly, from his birth to his school and university life; secondly, at Horton and on the Continent; thirdly, during the Civil War and Commonwealth; and, fourthly, after the Restoration to his death. Condensed details of "Milton's Family" and "Milton's Friends"—Diodati, Henry Lawes, Cyriac Skinner, and others—close the review.

The life of a poet, it has often been remarked, lies less in his actions than in his writings. Of Milton's, many circumstances are known; but, prominently as he was engaged in great public events, we learn probably more of his very self from his two sonnets on his blindness—not to speak of the mass of his other writings—and from the expressions in which he indicated a belief of writing under an influence akin to direct heavenly inspiration, than from all that the annalist and the biographer have recorded of him. His widow seems to have entertained, or at any rate professed, a similar belief. Wood's statement that at college "he was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts," is a characteristic hint, suggesting the compendium of what appears most distinctive in his after life. Strictly pure and conscientious, high-minded, laborious, dauntless for truth and right, yet somewhat disputatious, arrogantly self-asserting, and harsh, or at least indifferent, to others, Milton is scarcely a loveable man; one even wonders almost at finding him a poet, until one has acknowledged the truth that the poetic faculty, in those who eminently possess it, is the paramount fact which we must accept as the starting point, not seek for as the goal. Poor human beings, with their waverings, and weaknesses, and predilections, confess his vast superiority, and do not feel moved to cling to him, as to their Dante, with all his might and his terror, or their Shakspeare, or Chaucer. Among poets, Schiller—in whom, however, the poetic power was correspondingly limited—appears to be the nearest parallel; and, in some mental and moral characteristics, there is a resemblance to Wordsworth, whose words regarding Milton will be remembered:—

Soul awful, if the world has ever seen
An awful soul!

The following is Mr. Keightley's summing-up of the evidence as to the poet's treatment of his daughters—candid, but certainly conceding in his favour whatever can be conceded:—

Mrs. Foster [daughter of Milton's favourite daughter Deborah], gave Mrs. Birch to understand that her grandfather treated his daughters with much harshness, and was so indifferent about their mental culture that he would not even let them learn to write. Phillips tells us that he made the two youngest—for the eldest was excused on account of her imperfect articulation—read to him the Hebrew (and he thinks the Syriac), Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French languages, though they only understood their mother-tongue. This naturally was extremely irksome, and they complained bitterly of it; and "at length," he adds, "they were all (even the eldest also) sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroidery in gold and silver." The same account of their reading to him was also given by Deborah to Dr. Ward, according to whom she said that they read eight languages to their father; yet what use he could have had for any but the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and perhaps the French, we are unable to discern. She also, he said, could repeat the beginning of the *Iliad*, and

of Ovid's metamorphoses; yet surely Milton must have had these by heart himself. We may, however, suppose that, when meditating on "Paradise Lost," he may have had Ovid's account of creation frequently read for him, and so these lines may have fixed themselves in his daughter's memory—more especially as there is some reason for believing that she may have understood them; but we cannot see how she could have gotten the first lines of the *Iliad* by heart, for she certainly was ignorant of Greek. The learning to read Hebrew too must have been a most irksome task. Finally, it is said that, in his uxoriousness, he gave the whole of his property to his wife, leaving his children unprotected for. This, we believe, is the whole of the case against Milton. Let us now see what can be said on the other side. Mrs. Foster said that her grandfather would not let his daughters even learn to write. Now they must have known how to write, for their receipts are extant for the money paid them by their step-mother. And Aubrey positively asserts that Deborah Milton was her father's amanuensis. He adds that her father "taught her Latin, and to read Greek;" by which he must have meant that she could read Latin with understanding, while she only knew the Greek characters. Deborah was probably one of the copyists of the pieces in the Cambridge MS., most of whom were females. Her own account to Dr. Ward was that she and her sisters were "not sent to school, but taught at home by a mistress kept for that purpose;" which would seem to indicate that they had a resident governess, which would open to us a new feature in Milton's domestic economy in the interval between his second and his last marriage, and also explains the declaration ascribed to him that he "had spent the greater part of his estate in providing for them;" in which he of course included the cost of having them taught embroidery, and the separate establishment which he seems to have maintained for them for the last four or five years of his life. It thus appears that Milton did not neglect the education of his children. They were probably taught as much (or rather more) as any young women in their rank of life at that time. The only remaining charge is that he left his property away from them. The superior claims of his wife we will presently notice: here it is to be observed that the two eldest had a genteel trade by which they could support themselves, and that Mrs. Merian had promised to provide for Deborah—a promise which she seems to have performed. Their father left them beside his claim for their mother's fortune of 1000*l.*, which had never been paid him, and which their uncle Milton declared that he regarded as good money, as it was "in the hands of persons of ability, able to pay the same, being their grandmother and uncle; and he had seen the grandfather's will, wherein it is particularly directed to be paid unto them by his executors." It would therefore seem that Mr. Powell, when making his will, left, probably with Milton's assent, his daughter's fortune to the issue of her marriage; for only one child had been born when he died. If then they were left portionless, it was owing to the dishonesty of their grandmother and uncle, and not to the unkindness of their father.

The same subject appears, in some quaintness of guise, in the following interrogatory of a female servant of Milton, arising from the legal proceedings on his will. The deposition is first given, and our quotation is in the nature of replies to cross-examination:—

Respondent that this respondent doth not remember on what day the deceased declared the words first by her afore deposed; but it was about noon of such day, when he was at dinner. That the precise words, as near as this respondent can remember, which the deceased used at that time, were these, viz.: "God have mercy, Betty" (speaking to his wife, Elizabeth Milton, for so he usually called her), "I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and, when I die, thou knowest that I have left thee all." . . . That the occasion of the deceased's speaking of the words deposed by this respondent in her answer to the next precedent interrogatory was upon the predecessor's providing the deceased such victuals for his dinner as he liked; and that he was then indifferent well in health, saying that sometime he was troubled with the pain of the gout; and that he was at that time very merry, and not in any passion or angry humour; neither at that time spoke anything against any of his children that this respondent heard of. . . . That this respondent hath heard the deceased declare his displeasure against the parties ministrant, his children. And particularly the deceased declared to this respondent that, a little before he was married to Elizabeth Milton, his now relic, a former maid servant of his told Mary, one of the deceased's daughters, and one of the ministrants, that she heard the deceased was to be married; to which the said Mary replied to the said maid servant that that was no news to hear of his wedding, but, if she could hear of his death, that was something; and further told this respondent that all his said children did combine together, and counsel his maid servant to cheat him, the deceased, in her marketings; and that his said children had made away some of his books, and would have sold the rest of his books to

the dunghill-women:—or he, the said deceased, spoke words to this respondent to the selfsame effect and purpose.

The daily course of Milton's life is thus described:—

In his mode of living, Milton, as might be anticipated, was moderate and temperate. At his meals he never took much of wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavour. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, and perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but, in his latter years, he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer, till five in winter—and, if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bed-side and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him; and then, with of course the intervention of breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself—and afterwards played on the organ or the bass-viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, as he said, had a good voice but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest.

The opinions of Milton are carefully analysed, under the heads of Religion, Inspiration, Philosophy, Toleration, Government, and Education. On the first subject the most important document is the recently discovered treatise on Christian Doctrine, which has established the fact of the poet's Arianism, and of which a complete abstract is presented. The extreme, and sometimes curious literalism, with which he accepted the plenary inspiration of the Bible is exemplified in this passage on the propagation of the human soul:—

"Man having been created after this manner, it is said, as a consequence, that 'man became a living soul.' Whence it may be inferred—unless we had rather take the heathen writers for our teachers respecting the nature of the soul—that man is a living being, intrinsically and properly one and individual, not compound or separable; not, according to the common opinion, made up and framed of two distinct and different natures, as of soul and body; but that the whole man is soul, and the soul man—that is to say, a body or substance individual, animated, sensitive, and rational; and that the breath of life was neither a part of the Divine essence nor the soul itself, but, as it were, an inspiration of some divine virtue, fitted for the exercise of life and reason, and infused into the organic body: for man himself, the whole man, when finally created, is called in express terms a *living soul*. God having completed His whole work of creation, and rested on the seventh day, 'it would seem, therefore, that the human soul is not created daily by the immediate act of God, but propagated from father to son in a natural order.'

About a moiety of Mr. Keightley's volume consists of particular résumé and criticism of Milton's works in verse and prose, concluding with the introduction to "Paradise Lost." As the author disclaims all pretension of sitting in judgment on Milton, and professes an almost unlimited admiration of the entire body of his poetry, the remarks are often more in the way of notes or commentary than of what would be strictly termed criticism. Here, as in the former part, there is nothing high-flown or slipshod; but we think there is some hypercritical tendency to insisting on minutiae, exhibiting the structure of rhythms, and sometimes finding subtleties or difficulties where none were intended or present themselves—a tendency natural to a man of learning and acuteness. For instance, Mr. Keightley confesses himself "almost unable to make any sense" of the following lines from the second epitaph on Hobson the carrier:

His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome—
That, even to his last breath—there he said say't—
As he were pressed to death, he cried "More weight!"

Now the whole tenour of the composition is that Hobson sickened and died through *ennui* at not pursuing his business as a carrier. This makes the first couplet perfectly perspicuous; and there seems little difficulty in construing the second to mean that, in his dying moments, his thoughts were harping on his business, and he cried out "more weight!" (i.e., put more luggage into the cart), which indicated that his life was "burdensome," through the want of that weight, to the extent of "pressing him to death." There may certainly be the further allusion which Mr. Keightley surmises to the *peine forte et dure*; but, with or without that, we think the primary sense of the passage sufficiently explains itself.

With all his admiring reverence for Milton, Mr. Keightley has the boldness, and we think the discernment, to say, even of the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," "Exquisitely beautiful as these poems are, they still furnish a proof that Milton 'read nature through the spectacles of books,' for we nowhere meet with that accurate description of natural objects, indicative of actual observation, which we find in Homer, Dante, and Thomson."

We conclude, hoping soon to see published the edition of Milton to which Mr. Keightley's present volume is intended as a prelude, by quoting some final remarks on his prose style, which end with a very just reflection on superfluity. The somewhat apologetic tone of the passage is to meet an objection cited from Hallam.

The distinguishing quality of Milton's prose-writing is vigour, to which is to be added earnestness, dignity, and eloquence, joined with sound logical reasoning from his premises, which, however, are not always to be admitted. It must certainly be confessed that his sentences are frequently too long, and too much involved, and that their structure is classical rather than English; and that he is too fond of using words derived from the Latin in their primitive physical sense. But, at the same time, we venture to assert that his periods are in general harmonious, and fill the ear agreeably, and, with the aid of proper punctuation, are perfectly clear and intelligible to any attentive reader; but they certainly do require more intension of the mind than most writings of the present or preceding century. It may, in truth, be questioned if too much lucidity may not sometimes be a fault, as it causes the attention to be relaxed. We have ourselves often experienced this disadvantage in reading French works.

Passages from the Private and Official Life of Alderman Kelly. By the Rev. R. O. FELL. London: Groombridge.

ALDERMAN KELLY was one of the many men who have come to London penniless to look for fortune, or, rather, to command it by perseverance, industry, economy, and prudence. These virtues will secure success for their possessor anywhere; but only in the metropolis do they lead to great wealth, for only there is the field large enough for their profitable exercise. First employed as shopman to a publisher, he came to be a publisher himself; and he it was who first carried out extensively the popular plan of the publication of standard works in numbers, and their circulation through the medium of travellers. This was the basis of his fortune. In other respects his career presents nothing out of the common. He was a liberal patron of religious institutions, and he lived to a good old age, loved and honoured by all who knew him. This volume is designed to be a monument to his piety, and as such it will be welcome to his friends.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Reformers before the Reformation, principally in Germany and the Netherlands, depicted by Dr. C. ULLMANN; the translation by the Rev. ROBERT MENZIES. Vol. II. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark).—The second volume of this admirable work still further exposes the fallacy of looking upon the Reformation as a sudden thing, that sprang into life at the bidding of Martin Luther and his associates. Like the previous volume, it introduces us to several distinguished individuals who exercised a marked influence upon the religious belief and aspirations of the Middle Ages. The Reformation was, in fact, the indispensable necessary complement of the labours of these men, most of whom met with severe persecution in their own age, and are scarcely ever heard of in ours—so prone is the world ever to ignore all that is not splendid and striking, however obviously beneficial! "The religious and moral elements," says Dr. Ullmann, "which prepared the Reformation, originated in a fresh and powerful quickening of the Christian Spirit in the members of the Church. . . . At a time when no intermediate system had as yet been effectually developed between that of the Schoolmen on the one hand, and that of the Mystics upon the other, the only element in which the sense of religion could be thus warmed [warmed?] and deepened, and the moral faculty receive a stricter discipline, was practical and ascetical mysticism, which in the course of the effort was itself progressively clarified, and became more pure and Christian; while the means available for working out the effect were the public, free, and extra-official preaching of the Gospel, private edification in more confined religious societies, circulating among the people the Scriptures and other useful books, encouraging in religious services the use of the mother-tongue, which appealed more powerfully to the heart, vigorously exciting among all ranks a spirit of morality by open and brotherly communications on moral subjects, and mutual improvement by the free confession of sin. By these means Christianity recovered a deep seat in the heart, from which at the Reformation it was, as

it were, to be born again." Dr. Ullmann commences by detailing the history of that remarkable institute, called the *Brethren of the Common Lot*, who themselves had their origin in the Beghards and Lollards of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. "These prayer-makers and chanters—for such is certainly the most correct interpretation of the words Beghards and Lollards—devoted their attention wholly to practical objects. For the most part they lived together in separate houses of their own, with the utmost simplicity, supported by the earnings of their manual industry and by charitable donations, and chiefly occupied with works of Christian benevolence." These, however, in process of time fell from their first love; many of them bewildered themselves with questions in speculative philosophy, and eventually they got split up into sects and parties, whose history it is extremely difficult to follow. Among them must be reckoned the famous Henry Eckard, the representative of Pantheism in the Middle Ages, on which account, as well as some others, Dr. Ullmann very properly hesitates whether he ought to be classed among the *precursors of the Reformation*. John Ruysbroek (born 1293, died 1381) is far more deserving of that appellation. We must not say more about him, however, than that he was the spiritual father of Gerhard Groot (Gerardus Magnus) and John Tauler. The former of these (born 1340, died 1384) founded the institute of the *Brethren of the Common Lot*. For a particular account of this society and the character of its founder we must barely refer the reader to Dr. Ullmann's pages. Groot left behind him several works, among which were his "Rules of Life" and "Moral Sayings." Of these our author remarks:—"They serve to evince that, in the development of pure practical mysticism, Gerhard constitutes an essential member. Having himself received the impulse from John Ruysbroek, he transplanted this spirit to his favourite disciple Florentius, and he in his turn to Thomas à Kempis. Thomas à Kempis had never seen Gerhard, at the time of whose death he was only four years old; but in his Maxims it is impossible not to recognise the school from which the book on the 'Imitation of Christ' has proceeded; and it must be evident to every one who contemplates the monuments of that age and circle, that Thomas à Kempis was but a link in a great chain of evolutions, that he trained himself according to an existing school and tradition, and that his blossoms derived their sap from a stock whose roots were Ruysbroek and Gerhard Groot." With respect to the authorship of the "Imitation" (*revelata questio*) Dr. Ullmann has no hesitation in pronouncing in favour of Thomas à Kempis against the claims of Gerson or any one else. Our author's account of the life and labours of John Wessel (born 1419 or 1420, died 1489) is also exceedingly full and satisfactory. Wessel in early life was connected with the *Brethren of the Common Lot*, and with Thomas à Kempis. As a scholar he was equal to any of his contemporaries; while his reformatory tendencies as a theologian very closely resembled those of the sixteenth century. Of the many other distinguished men whose lives are here sketched for us, we have no space left to speak, and so we are compelled abruptly to conclude our notice of the present volume, assuring the reader, however, that he will receive a rich treat from its perusal.

To the many Scripture monographs recently published, we have to add the two following:—*Zaphnath-Paaneah: or, the History of Joseph, viewed in connection with Egyptian Antiquities and the customs of the times in which he lived.* By the Rev. THORNTON SMITH (London: Freeman);—and *The Rich Kinsman: the History of Ruth the Moabitess.* By STEPHEN H. TYNCO, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York. With a preface by a Clergyman of the Church of England (London: Low, Son, and Co.).—In the former of these works the history of the patriarch Joseph, ever fresh and interesting for readers both young and old, is rendered still more so by numerous illustrations borrowed from ancient history, especially that of Egypt. The author, who shows himself to be well acquainted with the various writers on Egyptian antiquities, has managed within a brief space to convey a large amount of information touching the political history, religion, manners, and customs of that wonderful nation. In chronology, he adheres to the usually received dates, preferring Osburn to Lepsius and Bunsen. Let us add, that "he has endeavoured with the elucidation of the history to combine the practical application of it—to impress upon the reader's mind the lessons which the narrative suggests."—Dr. TYNCO's work differs from the preceding, inasmuch as the subject of it is not surrounded by such a frame-work of historical illustration. The author aims rather at spiritualising the history of the young Moabitess. Every fact in the Old Testament narrative is shown to have a New Testament bearing. "I have always," says the writer, "considered this one of the most interesting and instructive books of the Old Testament. It is full of precious spiritual instruction. It preaches a glorious Saviour for the lost sinner. It describes the sorrows of the wanderer from God. It shows the blessedness of the sinner's return to Christ; the riches and bounty of the Great Redeemer, and the fulness of love and mercy which the pardoned rebel finds in Him. All these blessed truths are exhibited in the

history of a family of Israelites who strayed to the land of Moab, and of a lovely youthful convert from idolatry, who becomes united to them, and is thus led to a rich kinsman before unknown to her, and in whom she finds a bountiful and faithful redeemer." The passage here quoted will sufficiently explain the character of Dr. Tyng's work, which was originally addressed to young people in the form of lectures, and is therefore couched in such simple language as he thought best adapted to the youthful mind.

Sermons Doctrinal and Practical. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Second series. Edited from the Author's MSS. by JAMES AMIRALUX JEREMIE, D.D. (Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.)—We have no hesitation in pronouncing the sermons of Professor Butler worthy to take rank among the master-pieces of English pulpit eloquence. Those in the present series, twenty-six in number, are all "marked by the same originality and vigour of expression, the same richness of imagery and illustration, the same large views and catholic spirit, and the same depth and fervour of devotional feeling, which so remarkably distinguished the preceding series, and which rendered it a most valuable accession to our theological literature." We join most heartily in this commendation of them by the learned editor.

Forty Moral Lectures for the Young, explanatory of the principles and practice of the moral virtues and duties, and exhibiting their connection with practical religion. In two parts, the first of which is adapted more especially, although not exclusively, for the youth of the industrious classes. By a Christian Minister. (London: Hodson.)—We wish for this little volume a wide circulation. The subjects which it embraces—the duties it inculcates, and the vices which it condemns—have all so much to do with the well-being of society at large, and with the happiness of the individual, that the writer ought in truth to be regarded as a public benefactor. His style is peculiarly adapted to impress the young, and he has ever at hand some homely and happy illustration, some proverb, or anecdote, or fable, with which he seasons his discourse—like Jacob Abbott or "Old Humphrey," two writers whom he much resembles.

The Preaching of Christ. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN (London: Chapman and Hall)—is a little work intended as a sequel to the author's "Philosophy at the foot of the Cross." In that, he says, "I sought to describe the struggles through which the soul, when it has once wandered from the fold, must almost necessarily pass, on its way back. Here it has been my endeavour to explain what that Gospel is which undertakes to conduct us to future happiness." Mr. St. John's new work is quite original, both in its conception and execution, and will, we doubt not, meet with many admirers; but it is by no means equal to its predecessor in those graces of style and diction which captivated so many readers.

The Great Fight of Afflictions: Memoirs of Deeply-tormented Christians; with an Introductory Essay. By the Rev. JAMES GARDNER, A.M., M.D. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter)—contains biographies of eleven individuals, all more or less tried in the furnace of affliction. Two only of the number, however, namely, David Brainerd and the Rev. Edward Payson, can be regarded as public characters; and, as it is the lot of universal humanity to suffer in one way or other, we scarcely think that much good can accrue from reading of the sufferings and trials of such people as Mrs. Hawkes, Miss Fanny Woodbury, Mrs. Paterson, and the others whose lives are here brought under our notice.

MEDICINE.

MEDICAL REFORM.

1. *The Medical Profession. Suggestions for its Reform.* Pamphlet Anonymous. London: Highley. 1855.
2. *Registration of Qualified Medical Men.* By JOHN BRADY, M.P.
3. *Medical Reform: being the Subject of the First Annual Oration delivered before the British Medical Association 1838.* Reprinted from the Original Edition published by the Society. By A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S.
4. *A Bill to amend the Laws relating to the Medical Profession.* By T. E. HEADLAM, M.P.

THE English are slow but sure. In questions of reform, especially of their public institutions, nothing that they have achieved has been precipitate. They are not, like our mercurial neighbours, improvisatori of constitutions, governments, and dynasties. It took them a century and a half, after their subjection by a foreign prince, to obtain their *Great Charter*. Four centuries and a half more it required to extort from the first Charles their great palladium of individual liberty, the *Habeas Corpus Act*. The Bill of Rights did not follow until ten years after; and finally, it was only through a struggle of many years, at the conclusion of another century and a

half, that the reform of Parliamentary abuses and defects was brought about.

We do not think that the striving after medical reform has been of such long standing; but unquestionably, should the present session of Parliament, as we are promised, accomplish that great desideratum, it will not have been through any very short period of strenuous efforts on the part of its advocates, and of equally strenuous endeavours on that of its opponents, that the object will have been obtained.

Ever since the foundation of the many bodies corporate scattered about the United Kingdom, invested with power to regulate the medical profession, there have been gross abuses and glaring defects, demanding immediate redress. But all attempts to obtain it have in almost every instance been resisted (generally with success) by the parties interested in their existence. Hence the anomalous state of the medical profession in England down to the present day—a state which cannot better or more succinctly be defined than in the words of Lord Palmerston, in answer to a question put to him by the late Lord D. Stuart in the spring of 1853:

"The present condition of the medical profession in this country was one that required considerable regulation and amendment. It was, in fact, a labyrinth and a chaos, owing to the many different sources whence degrees and licences to practice in the different branches of the profession arose.

But his Lordship did not entirely represent the causes of such a chaotic condition of the medical profession in this country, when he ascribed it merely to the existence of twenty-two different bodies in the kingdom which exercise the power of licensing persons to practice—an error equally committed by the hon. and learned Member for Newcastle in introducing his Bill on this subject into the House of Commons on Friday the 8th instant. That is but a part of the cause; the other and the principal part is the legal existence (unparalleled in any other country in Europe) of three distinct classes or grades of medical practitioners, differently educated, and by that difference of education representing, indisputably and necessarily, gradations of rank and worth in the exercise of the healing art, which they nevertheless practise all alike! As long as the medical profession in England shall be constituted as physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, each class qualified by a course and length of study different from that of the other two; so long will there be that chaos and confusion of which my Lord Palmerston complains. Here is the real cause of the anomalous state of the medical profession in this country. Here is the real bone of contention which has stood in the way of every attempt at reform, and which has beset the latter with difficulties that made even Lord Palmerston quail before them, both in 1853, and at the present moment while supporting Mr. Headlam's "forlorn hope."

"The question," observed his Lordship on the former of those occasions, "is very complicated, and I certainly have no hopes of being able to bring forward a measure which would embrace the whole subject;" while on the latter occasion his words were even more expressive of the difficulties of the question, and almost prophetic of its possible shipwreck; for (as Mr. Brady had previously observed) "many attempts at legislation on the subject had been made and had failed."

LORD PALMERSTON'S IDEA OF MEDICAL REFORM.

My honourable and learned friend had not exaggerated either the importance of the measure itself or the difficulties which he had to contend with. I speak on this matter with some slight experience, because when I had the honour of being at the Home Office I endeavoured to do that which my honourable and learned friend had now undertaken, and I confess that I found the difficulties greater than I was able to surmount (!) I hope my honourable and learned friend will be more successful. I give him great credit, and should give him still more if he succeeded in passing a measure which would entitle him to the thanks of the country.

What, then, can these difficulties be which can appal an iron spirit like the Premier? The difficulties of the question are differently viewed by different authorities. The Member for Leitrim, who introduced the Medical Registration Bill last year mentioned at the head of this article, ascribes them not so much to any great difference of opinion in the mind of medical men themselves, which, indeed, he considers as non-existing (a palpable error by-the-by), as to the medical corporate bodies, which were not united, and had been hitherto the great stumbling block in the

way of reform. Others consider the very enormity of the abuses to be reformed as the most insuperable of the difficulties to be contended against. But the vested interests, as they are called, or the selfish obstinacy of the many parties which the laxity and anomaly of the medical profession have suffered to become implicated in the question, are, in the opinion of a third class of reformers, the real difficulties of this great question.

How does Mr. Headlam's Bill propose to deal with these? By giving them the go-by. Mr. Headlam limits its provisions—First, to the establishment of an equality of education for physicians and surgeons; so that those titles, whether applied to a practitioner in London or Dublin, or in Edinburgh, should be understood to mean a man who had gone through the same course of professional studies. Secondly, to the insuring of reciprocity in practice, so that a gentleman might be able to practise in London or in any other part of Great Britain, by enrolling his name at the college in either capital, as may be. Thirdly, to the keeping of an official register of all legally qualified practitioners.

But under this last denomination there is a class of medical men called apothecaries, general practitioners, or surgeon-apothecaries, who are neither physicians nor surgeons, but who, in accordance with the provisions of certain statutes, after undergoing a certain course of studies and examinations, are legally disseminated throughout the population of England as qualified to treat the sick. It is as notorious that this class of practitioners hold the lives of the people in their hand, as medical attendants, to the tune of twenty times the number of those which are confided or would be confided to the physicians and surgeons under Mr. Headlam's Bill—as it is notorious that the legal education they have received to qualify them for that object is avowedly inferior to that of the physicians and surgeons. But this third class of differently and less educated practitioners is said to be necessary for the care of the less affluent and the poorer classes of people. What! is health of different degree of worth, as it is considered among the rich or the poor, that the latter are to be satisfied with the attendance of healers whose instruction, according to law, has been confined to a half of that of the higher ranks of the profession? Is such an inferior degree of medical knowledge really sufficient for healing the sick? In such a case how unjust to insist on a much larger, higher, and more expensive education and qualification in the physician and surgeon. This is the real difficulty of the problem which the medical reformer has to contend with—a difficulty any attempt to remove which will arouse the hostility of legions throughout England—a difficulty with which Mr. Headlam does not intend to grapple.

Then what a mockery—we cannot use a milder term—will it not be to pretend to amend and regulate the laws relating to the medical profession and leave this great absurdity in existence—that individuals with only a portion of the education and professional knowledge which the law requires to constitute a physician, shall nevertheless be authorised by law to act precisely as if they were physicians; with this further advantage over the latter, that whereas these are bound to let their patients and the whole community know what remedial agents they employ in their treatment—the class of practitioners alluded to are in no way held to, and do not, impart in writing (and so fix their own responsibility) to the patient or to any compounding chemist, or to the world, the drugs which they administer—a fearful privilege, as we have seen in recent times!

In the brief space to which we are limited, we cannot attempt to view the question of medical reform in all its various aspects and bearings. But this has been done so fully and systematically by one of the writers cited at the head of this article, namely, the author of the oration on Medical Reform, delivered so far back as eighteen years ago, before the British Medical Association, that we must refer our readers to that document; of which it was said at the time by no mean judge of such questions and compositions (the late Dr. James Johnson in his quarterly *Medical Review* for January, 1839), that "it is a masterly analysis of medical abuses drawn from the evidence delivered before parliamentary committees"—"and one of the best things which Dr. Granville has published—though written *currente calamo*, the author having only had a few days to prepare the subject."

In that oration—the effect of which, we are told,

had been to clear away gradually many of the complained abuses, especially as connected with certain obnoxious practices and by-laws of the College of Physicians and Surgeons—we find that as long ago as the year of its delivery the orator had distinctly proclaimed as necessary elements of every real medical reform in the United Kingdom, among others, the identical three points which constitute the whole scheme of the hon. and learned Member for Newcastle—barring its machinery, which we fear will be found too cumbersome and complicated.

In justice to this claim of priority on the part of the author of the oration, we here quote the principal part of his

PLAN FOR A MEDICAL REFORM.

1. A maximum degree of education, theoretical as well as practical, both preliminary and professional, obtained either at the existing colleges and universities, or through authorised private teachers, for all medical students.

2. The same uniform and the highest possible test of qualification for all who intend to practise the healing art, no matter in what branch; the said test to consist of practical as well as theoretical demonstrations of the candidate's abilities exhibited at one or more public examinations, to be carried on in writing as well as verbally.

3. One and the same rank and title in the profession bestowed on all who have proved themselves capable to exercise the healing art, by the highest possible test of qualification, whether the candidate chooses afterwards to practise as physician, or as surgeon, or both, or as one and the other comprising obstetrics, or in any other subdivision of the art and science of medicine—according as his own taste or inclination, or the strength of circumstances, and the situation he may be placed in, or the opinion of the public may induce him to act. Thus affording to the poor and the moderately affluent, as well as to the rich (the lives of all of whom are of equal value in the eyes of humanity and the law), the same means, and those of the highest character, for resisting the fatal inroads of disease.

4. An equal enjoyment of all the privileges appertaining to the highest degree of education and qualification as certified in a diploma, by every one possessing such a testimonial, in whichever part of Her Majesty's dominions he may choose to settle as a practitioner.

We omit the next four propositions, as referring only to the machinery by which the reform is to be carried out, and which differs little from that now proposed by Mr. Headlam; and come to the ninth proposition, which that hon. and learned gentleman, like Mr. Brady before him, has adopted eighteen years after its promulgation by Dr. Granville.

9. A general registry of all who have been admitted to practise the healing art (as well as to sell and compound drugs) should be strictly kept open to public inspection, so that in cases of impostors or unqualified persons (whose names, of course, would not appear in the said registry) being found engaged in practising medicine in any of its branches, or in administering or compounding, or in vending drugs, whether simple or otherwise, with any reference whatever to health or disease, a common informer may be able to prove the fact by a mere reference to the registry, and convict the transgressor before any magistrate, who shall be empowered and bound to treat the case summarily, and by such pecuniary or other punishment as is awarded in cases of misdemeanor.

We stop here. What we have quoted of this explicit plan of medical reform suffices to show that, after nearly twenty years of contention, its chief principles and propositions are about to be discussed and considered by the representatives of the country, with the open support of the Government, and the chance of adoption. Nor will the orator of the British Medical Association, who has lived to see so gratifying a consummation of his wishes, think that he had in vain concluded his address on that occasion to that learned assembly in the following language:

Such are the fundamental outlines of a scheme for a total reform in the medical affairs of this country, which, after an experience of twenty-two years' practice in the metropolis—after watching what has been passing around me in the medical world during that period—after reflecting long and deeply on so important a question—after having examined and seen at work the system of medical instruction and medical government in most of the foreign states—and, lastly, after perusing the voluminous evidence of the parliamentary committee of 1834—I can conscientiously offer to the consideration of my fellow members of the British Medical Association. I lay the scheme before them, without in the least wishing to pledge any of the members either to the whole or to any part of it, as being the best or the most complete that could be devised for the purpose. Deputed by the Council to maintain and defend before this

association the argument in favour of medical reform, my task would have been incomplete had I not propounded at the same time my own notions respecting the most eligible mode of accomplishing so desirable an end. Hence my present scheme; and right glad shall I be if it prove a source of practical hints, or a useful groundwork for some other and superior plan of operations: (p. 43.)

It is not the only time that the writer of these lines proved to be prophetic.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah. By Lieut. R. F. BURTON. Vol. III. London: Longmans. 1856.

(Continued from page 363, Vol. XIV.)

THE issue of the third volume enables us to bring to a close our notice of this extraordinary pilgrimage. The circumstances related in the two former volumes will be so fresh in the recollection of our readers that we need do no more than remind them that they left Lieutenant Burton at El Medinah, waiting to join the great caravan on his journey to the City of the Prophet.

The caravan which conveyed our pilgrim to Meccah started from El Medinah at eight a.m. on the 31st of August, 1853. It travelled by the Darb el Sharki, or "Eastern Road," the best of the four roads which connect the Holy Cities. The pilgrims composing the cavalcade were of all sorts—from the wealthy, reclining in the luxurious Takhtrawans (litters borne by camels or horses), to the wretched creatures whom poverty compelled to make the pilgrimage on foot. The following scene will give some idea of the hardships of the pilgrimage and the condition of these poor creatures:—

After the long and sultry afternoon, beasts of burden began to sink in considerable numbers. The fresh carcasses of asses, ponies, and camels dotted the wayside: those that had been allowed to die were abandoned to the foul carrion-birds, the Rakham (vulture) and the Yellow Ukab; and all whose throats had been properly cut were surrounded by troops of Takturi pilgrims. These half-starved wretches cut steaks from the choice portions, and slung them over their shoulders till an opportunity of cooking might arrive. I never saw men more destitute. They carried wooden bowls, which they filled with water by begging; their only weapon was a small knife, tied in a leathern sheath above the elbow; and their costume an old skull-cap, strips of leather tied like sandals under the feet, and a long dirty shirt, or sometimes a mere rag covering the loins. Some were perfect savages, others had been fine-looking men, broad-shouldered and long-limbed; many were lamed by fatigue and thorns; and, looking at most of them, I saw death depicted in their forms and features.

The caravan consisted altogether of about 7000 souls; and, as the majority were but poorly provided, the mortality on the road must have been very great. Wearied with night-marches, scorched with simoom, tortured with thirst, and in hourly peril of being attacked by the murderous bands of robbers who infest the desert, this strange and motley crowd toiled on, all under the impulse of fanaticism, with the solitary exception of that one brave heart whom the pursuit of knowledge and the love of adventure had attracted to those strange scenes. Among the more extraordinary perils of the desert is the liability to meet "sand-spouts."

Here the air was filled with those pillars of sand so graphically described by Abyssinian Bruce. They scudded on the wings of the whirlwind over the plain—huge yellow shafts, with lofty heads, horizontally bent backwards, in the form of clouds; and on more than one occasion camels were overthrown by them. It required little stretch of fancy to enter into the Arab's superstition. These sand-columns are supposed to be genii of the waste, which cannot be caught,—a notion arising from the fitful movements of the wind-eddy that raises them,—and, as they advance, the pious Moslem stretches out his finger, exclaiming "Iron! O thou ill-omened one!"

Nor was it from natural causes only that danger threatened the pilgrim:—

In one place I saw a Turk, who could not speak a word of Arabic, violently disputing with an Arab who could not speak a word of Turkish. The pilgrim insisted upon adding to the camel's load a few dry sticks, such as are picked up for cooking. The camel man as perseveringly threw off the extra burden. They screamed with rage, hustled each other, and at last the Turk dealt the Arab a heavy blow. I afterwards heard that the pilgrim was mortally wounded that night, his stomach being ripped open with a dagger. On inquiring what had become of him, I was assured that he had been comfortably wrapped

up in his shroud and placed in a half-dug grave. This is the general practice in the case of the poor and solitary, whom illness or accident incapacitates from proceeding. It is impossible to contemplate such a fate without horror: the torturing thirst of a wound, the burning sun heating the brain to madness, and—worst of all, for they do not wait till death—the attacks of the jackal, the vulture, and the raven of the wild.

It is but too clear that this poor fellow was murdered by the revengeful Arab. Upon one occasion Burton himself ran a risk of a similar fate.

Once a Wahhabi stood in front of us, and, by pointing with his fingers and other insulting gestures, showed his hatred to the chibouque, in which I was peaceably indulging. It was impossible to refrain from chastising his insolence by a polite and smiling offer of the offending pipe. This made him draw a dagger without a thought; but it was sheathed again, for we all cocked our pistols, and these gentry prefer steel to lead.

At a short distance from Meccah the pilgrims were attacked by a body of hill robbers, lying in ambush among the heights overlooking a narrow pass. The loss of the caravan was considerable, and but for the Wahhabis, who acted with considerable promptitude and gallantry, by climbing up the hills and showing a bold front to the enemy, it might have been much greater. At length, on the eleventh night after the start from Medinah, the Holy City was proclaimed to be in view.

About one a.m. I was aroused by general excitement. "Meccah! Meccah!" cried some voices; "The Sanctuary! O the Sanctuary!" exclaimed others; and all burst into loud "Labbayk," not unfrequently broken by sobs. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. We were passing over the last ridge by an artificial cut, called Saniyat Kudaa.

During his stay at Meccah Lieutenant Burton lodged in the house of the boy Mohammed, whose acquaintance he made on his road to El Medinah, and who is already well known to the readers of the two former volumes. Under the guidance of this youth he performed all the intricate solemnities necessary to the pilgrim.

Out of compliment to the accurate Burckhardt, Lieutenant Burton has adopted his description of the Kaabah, or Holy House, merely adding a few occasional notes by way of correction and explanation. Assuming Burckhardt's description to be quite accurate, this plan is equally satisfactory to the reader, while it saves Lieutenant Burton a great deal of trouble. His notes are quite sufficient to explain what is difficult and correct what is erroneous in the account of the adventurous German; and his adoption of the description is a very convincing proof of its general fidelity. Arrived in Meccah, our pilgrim lost no time in paying his first visit to the celebrated shrine.

Scarcely had the first smile of morning beamed upon the rugged head of Abu Kubays when we arose, bathed, and proceeded in our pilgrim garb to the Sanctuary. We entered by the Bab el Ziyadah, or principal northern door, descended two long flights of steps, traversed the cloister, and stood in sight of the Bait Allah. There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage, realising the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity, as in Egypt; no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty, as in Greece and Italy; no barbaric gorgeousness, as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

The ceremonies performed on the first visit to the Kaabah are described with great minuteness. We cannot, of course, find room for them. The water of Zem-Zem, or the "Holy Well," was duly imbibed, and is pronounced to bear a striking similarity to an infusion of Epsom salts into tepid water. After a great deal of struggling with the eager and fanatic crowd, the pilgrim managed to get within reach of the "Holy Stone" itself. "Whilst kissing it and rubbing hands and forehead upon it, I narrowly observed it, and came away persuaded that it is a big aerolite." He subsequently obtained, and brought away as a relic, a torn scrap of the kiswat, or curtain which

surrounds the shrine. This relic is always a great desideratum to the true pilgrim; and all pious Mohammedans do their utmost to obtain a fragment of the precious rag, to be used as a book-marker in their Koran.

Standing upon Mount Arafat, and listening to the sermon there, is one of the most important ceremonies in the Pilgrimage. Lieutenant Burton went fully prepared to report the Arafat sermon; but omitted to do so for a reason which, under the circumstances, we cannot but sympathise with:—

The evil came of a "fairer body." I had prepared *en cachette* a slip of paper, and had hid in my Ihram a pencil destined to put down the heads of the rarely-heard discourse. But, unhappily, that red cachmere shawl was upon my shoulders. Close to us sat a party of fair Meccans, apparently belonging to the higher classes, and one of these I had already several times remarked. She was a tall girl, about eighteen years old, with regular features, and skin somewhat citron-coloured but soft and clear, symmetrical eyebrows, the most beautiful eyes, and a figure all grace. There was no head thrown back, no straightened neck, no flat shoulders, nor toes turned out; in fact, no elegant barbarisms; but the shape was what the Arabs love—soft, bending, and relaxed, as a woman's figure ought to be. Unhappily she wore, instead of the usual veil, a "yashmak" of transparent muslin, bound round the face; and the chaperone, mother, or duenna, by whose side she stood, was apparently a very unsuspicious or compliant old person. Flirtilla fixed a glance of admiration upon my cachmere. I directed a reply with interest at her eyes. She then, by the usual coquettish gesture, threw back an inch or two of head-veil, disclosing broad bands of jetty hair, crowning a lively oval. My palpable admiration of the new charm was rewarded by a partial removal of the yashmak, when a dimpled mouth and a rounded chin stood out from the envious muslin. Seeing that my companions were safely employed, I ventured upon the dangerous ground of raising hand to forehead. She smiled almost imperceptibly, and turned away. The pilgrim was in ecstasy.

So Lieutenant Burton lost the Arafat sermon, and eventually the fair Meccan also, in the precipitate rush which is the orthodox mode of leaving the mountain.

"Stoning the Great Devil" is the next great ceremony of the Pilgrimage; his Satanic Majesty being represented for the occasion by a stone pillar set in a rough wall at the Meccan entrance to Muna. As the pillar stands in a narrow entry, and as all the pilgrims are enjoined to perform the lapidation on the same day, the rush is tremendous:—

The narrow space was crowded with pilgrims, all struggling like drowning men to approach as near as possible to the Devil—it would have been easy to run over the heads of the mass. Amongst them were horsemen with rearing chargers, Bedouins on wild camels, and grandees on mules and asses, with outrunners, were breaking a way by assault and battery. I had read Ali Bey's self-felicitation upon escaping this place with "only two wounds in the left leg," and had duly provided myself with a hidden dagger. The precaution was not useless. Scarcely had my donkey entered the crowd than he was overthrown by a dromedary, and I found myself under the stamping and roaring beast's stomach. By a judicious use of the knife, I avoided being trampled upon, and lost no time in escaping from a place so ignobly dangerous.

Eventually, and by dint of perseverance, Lieutenant Burton succeeded in getting through the ceremony, which entitles the pilgrim to be shaved once more, and to resume the use of laical costume.

Before leaving Meccah, an opportunity occurred to the pilgrim to visit the Kaabah before the admission of the crowd. This was a special favour, and had to be specially paid for.

When seven dollars were tendered they were rejected with instance. Expecting something of the kind, I had been careful to bring no more than eight. Being pulled and interpellated by half-a-dozen attendants, my course was to look stupid, and to pretend ignorance of the language. Presently the Shaybah youth bethought him of a contrivance. Drawing from the press the key of the Kaabah, he partly bared it of its green-silk gold-lettered *ctui*, and rubbed a golden knob quatrefoil-shaped upon my eyes, in order to brighten them. I submitted to the operation with good grace, and added a dollar—my last—to the former offering. The Sherif received it with a hopeless glance, and, to my satisfaction, would not put forth his hand to be kissed. Then the attendants began to demand vails. I replied by opening my empty pouch. When let down from the door by the two brawny Meccans I was expected to pay them, and accordingly appointed to meet them at the boy Mohammed's house—an arrangement to which they grudgingly assented. When delivered from these troubles I was congratulated by my sharp

companion thus:—"Wallah, Effendi! thou hast escaped well! some men have left their skins behind."

Of the inhabitants of Meccah Lieutenant Burton gives a full account. The men are for the most part plain; but many of the women are beautiful. They depend chiefly upon the great gains which accrue during the Pilgrimage, and even borrow money in anticipation of those profits. The plucking of a wealthy Haji will provide for a Meccan family for months to come. There is very little open immorality in the city, and there are no dram-shops. The Meccans are proud and very coarse in their language. "They look upon themselves as the cream of the earth, and resent with extreme asperity the least slighting word concerning the Holy City and its denizens." They are good-tempered, though hasty, fond of a jest and brave. With all these good qualities there can be no doubt that, if they had discovered that a Christian, under the guise of "a true believer," had defiled the sacred precincts of the Kaabah, he would have instantly fallen a victim to their ready knives. Lieutenant Burton seems fully conscious of this, and strongly dissuades all who may be inclined to follow his example.

Woe to the unfortunate (he says) who happens to be recognised in public as an infidel,—unless, at least, he could throw himself at once upon the protection of the Government. Amidst, however, a crowd of pilgrims, whose fanaticism is worked up to the highest pitch, detection would probably ensure his dismissal at once *ad numero de piu*. Those who find danger the salt of pleasure may visit Meccah; but if asked whether the results justify the risk, I should reply in the negative.

The rites of the pilgrimage being over, Lieut. Burton lost no time in making the best of his way to Jeddah, where "the British flag was a restorative, and the sight of the sea acted as a tonic." Mr. Cole, the British resident, received him with great kindness, upon learning that he was an Indian officer, who had succeeded in performing the pilgrimage under disguise. The boy Mohammed, who had accompanied Lieutenant Burton to Jeddah, became acquainted with the fact about the same time, but appeared to regard it with anything but admiration. "Now I understand (said he to the Lieutenant's servant) your master is a Sahib from India, he hath laughed at our beards." With that he departed in a huff, and was heard of no more. At last the pilgrim, weary with fatigue and scorched by the heat, embarked in the steamer for Suez, and escaped once more into civilised lands.

And here reader, we part. Bear with me while I conclude, in the words of a brother traveller, long gone, but not forgotten—Fa-hian—this Personal Narrative of my Journey to El Hejaz: "I have traversed the sea, and have not succumbed under the severest fatigues; and my heart is moved with emotions of gratitude, that I have been permitted to effect the objects I had in view."

Referring to the pilgrim's caution to would-be imitators, we conclude with the expression of a hope that no persons will be foolhardy enough to try the experiment again. Burckhardt and Burton have seen and described the Holy Cities of the Moslem. What more remains to be done? Only that governments should do their best to bring Arabia so within the pale of civilisation that a traveller may cross it without danger; and for this, the present conjuncture of affairs in the East offers a tempting opportunity.

FICTION.

Olive Hastings. By Mrs. PARRY. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

WITHOUT denying the power displayed by Mrs. Parry in the narrative of this tale, it must be obvious to all who possess the slightest acquaintance with novel literature that it is an old story in a new dress. In the gentle, virtuous, persecuted, and eventually triumphant Olive Hastings, we have Pamela *rediviva*; and as this authoress is not the first, so also, we presume to say, she will not be the last to take advantage of Richardson's celebrated lay-figure of Virtue in distress.

Olive is a gentle and friendless maiden shipwrecked among strangers upon the Welch coast. Adopted by Mrs. Dugeon, whose husband is in command of the Coast-guard Station, she becomes a member of that lady's very vulgar family. Mrs. Dugeon is given to gin-drinking; her younger daughter, Mary, is deeply enamoured of Colonel Merlin, the Pacha of the neighbour-

hood; Dugeon, the father, is a drunkard; and the sons are bullies. Strange companionship for a tender little sensitive plant like Olive!

Ex uno disce. The following brief conversation may serve to give some idea of this amiable family, and perhaps also of the most glaring defect in Mrs. Parry's style—a defect which does not amount to positive indelicacy, but to a want of that instinctive shrinking from forbidden subjects so indispensable to the compositions of a lady. The conversation opens with an exclamation from Miss Shamwell, Dugeon's sister.

"As I live; here is the Colonel himself, riding past on horseback."

Mary uttered a cry of joy, and the three girls sprang to the window. He had passed, but Mary was certain, by his back, that it was he.

"Don't look so frightened, Mary," said Miss Shamwell, although herself little less agitated than her niece. "Recollect, if he is fated for you, he will be your husband—nothing in this world can prevent it, not even he himself. Everybody believes there is fate in marriage, above all things."

"It's all very fine for you to talk like that," said Mrs. Dugeon; "but Mary knows what she is about, and will try to make her own will fate; that's the thing I would advise."

"And you are in the right, mother," said Mary, her beautiful eyes sparkling with delight, and her bosom heaving as if she had already triumphed.

"There are three men now dying in love with me, and, if I choose, I could marry to-morrow either of them. They love me to distraction. Why should not the Colonel love me as well as one of these?"

"You are right, Mary," said her mother; "men are men; they have all the same fiery passions—they have all their weak point. Find that out, and they are as weak as Sampson shorn of his locks."

With such companions poor Olive led a very miserable life; and it may be imagined that her case was not bettered when this seductive Colonel Merlin made her the object of his special attentions. This rouses the jealousy of the Dugeons, and Olive is persecuted on all sides. An abduction follows; and the following scene will possibly suggest to the reader, as it did to us, an obvious plagiarism from another and a greater novelist.

Olive was startled by a voice pronouncing her own name. It was the Colonel; he had entered the room without knocking; his cheeks were flushed, his eyes heavy and glassy, his step unsteady. He approached her with a familiar glance, and held out his arm to clasp her. Olive fixed upon him a look of fearless scorn, and, springing on the sill of the open casement, exclaimed sternly, "Approach me, if you dare! Advance but a single step, and all will be over! Base, despicable wretch, who can so pervert the instincts of a noble nature—you shall find that all are not equally base; that there are those who prefer death before dishonour!"

Brian de Bois Guilbert the Second takes the hint like his predecessor, and Rebecca does not take the fatal leap. Eventually she escapes from her place of confinement, and, making her way to Bath, enters the service of a fashionable demirep in the capacity of lady's-maid. The following description of her duties from the mouth of her predecessor is possibly more truthful than attractive:—

"Well," said Spelling, "about eight o'clock in the morning my lady will awake, when you must be ready to go down and make her a strong cup of tea, and two nice thin little bits of toast; but if she should be sick when you return, which is almost always the case, you must run down and make fresh; for if it has stood only a minute, she will refuse to touch it. This you will have to do, perhaps, three or four times. When she does begin, you must stop by her side to pour it out, and hold it to her mouth, for her hand shakes so in the morning, she would slop it all over herself and the bed-clothes, which would give you the trouble to change the whole, and make a fresh breakfast after; so be very careful never to let her have the cup in her own hand, or you see the trouble you will get into. She is always in a vile temper in a morning; the tea will be sure to be either too sweet or not sweet enough; but this is only just an excuse, to vent her ill-humour—and you'll soon learn to take no notice of any of the spiteful things she says. After she has done her breakfast, the foot-maid will prepare the bath; and if she has been very tipsy on the previous night, you will have a fine job of it. By the time you have got her into the bath, washed, dressed, and got her back to bed again, you will be ready to die from pure fatigue and exhaustion; you will be glad to take a glass of wine, or a few drops of her salvolatile. You give her a good stiff glass of brandy-and-water, when she generally falls off into a sound sleep for a couple of hours."

Our readers will probably have had enough of this alluring picture, and perhaps also of Olive Hastings as well. Suffice it to say that she

passes happily through all her trials, and comes off triumphantly in the end. She is discovered to be the scion of a noble family, and marries her cousin Edward Crichton, a young man with whom she had become deeply enamoured before the relationship was discovered and when she was merely a dressmaker's apprentice. Mary Dugeon comes to grief, of course, and offers by her unhappy fate a contrast to Olive's happiness.

As we have already intimated, the story is not deficient in power, and, as a novel, it is greatly beyond the common ephemera of the season. We could wish, however, when Mrs. Parry offers us another production of her fancy, to find it more refined and more womanly than the present. We recommend her, moreover, to abjure the use of all strange and unaccustomed words—a fault to which she is but too prone. Whilst going through the book we have marked many such phrases as "profectory lips," "oppugnance," &c. This is mere pedantry—a vice most odious in a woman.

The "Parlour Library" has made a most acceptable addition to its store of fiction in Miss Ferrier's admirable novel *The Inheritance*. It is one of the few fictions of our time that will go down to posterity. It may not, perhaps, be known to many readers of the present day, and therefore we strenuously recommend all who have not read it to take the opportunity for possessing it. They will thank us for the hint.

Bulwer's *Zanoni* has been added to "The Railway Library." It is the most imaginative of his productions, and a part of the complete series of his works.

A new tale by Fanny Fern, entitled *Rose Clark*, has just been published by Messrs. Routledge. Like all her writings, it is lively, smart, and vulgar.

Julius and other Tales from the German, is a volume sent to us from America (Philadelphia, Parry and Co.) containing seven tales translated by Mr. W. H. Furness. They are well selected and ably rendered into English. Toepffer's *Julius* is a very model of simplicity; indeed, it was written purposely to contrast with the exaggerated sentiment of the French school.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Modern Scottish Minstrel: or the Songs of Scotland of the past Half-century; with Memoirs of the Poets, and Sketches and Specimens in English Verse of the most celebrated Gaelic Bards. By CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot. In 6 volumes. Vol. II. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, North Bridge.

SOME months ago we criticised at considerable length the first volume of this meritorious production. We praised it especially for having established the claims of Lady Nairn to the authorship of those fine songs "The Laird of Cockpen," "He's owre the Hills," "Caller Herring," "The Land o' the leal," &c.; and secondly, for the specimens of Highland minstrelsy which it preserved. The work was, we understand—apart from a little nibbling at its heels by our good-natured and candid contemporary the *Athenæum*—generally well received, and the author has been encouraged to come forward with a second, a larger, and an equally interesting volume.

With the manner in which Dr. Rogers has discharged his editorial duties, with his judgment, taste, and research, we are on the whole highly satisfied. His lives are clearly and legibly written; if there is little freshness or brilliance in the criticisms, there is considerable novelty in the information, and a generous candid spirit breathes throughout. We notice here and there some slips, which we trace to mere inadvertence, but which an enemy might impute to ignorance; and hence we must apprise him of them, that they may be corrected in a future edition. At page 21, speaking of Jeffrey's review of Wordsworth, he says, "he never had used more declamatory language against any poem." We thought this a misprint for depreciatory or abusive, but observe he has elsewhere employed the word declamatory in the same unwarrantable sense. In page 38, he says, "In the May number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1834 Hogg again appeared before the public in the celebrated 'Noctes,' which had been discontinued for upwards of two years." This is incorrect; there was a "Noctes" in the number for November 1832, but none in the two volumes for 1833; so that thus the series was discontinued for exactly eighteen months. These are trifles; but an expression in page 260 will expose him to graver

censure. He says, "The 'Pleasures of Hope' is one of the most finished epics in the language." Dr. R. surely does not require to be informed of the difference between an epic and a didactic poem. He might as well have called "Kilmeny" a beautiful drama, or "Holy Willie's Prayer" an epithalamium. With these exceptions, however, the *Lives* are exceedingly creditable to the author.

The first is that of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; and contains a considerable amount of new materials, including some interesting letters published for the first time, addressed to Hogg, by Southey, Allan Cunningham, William Howitt, and Professor Wilson. The letter of Wilson to Hogg is very characteristic of that generous large-hearted man. An estrangement had taken place between them, and Hogg, in a huff, had refused the use of his name to the "Noctes." Wilson, after a year and a half, without consulting either Hogg or Blackwood, dashed off a "Noctes," in which he reintroduced the Shepherd, and wrote to Hogg, in April 1834, that he had done so, inclosing a sum of money, and promising him thirty pounds per annum for permission to use his name in six "Noctes." Dr. Rogers makes Wilson say fifty; but as he only sent Hogg five guineas for the first, and to pay him at the same rate for the other five, it should surely be printed thirty. The offer was instantly accepted; the two friends were reconciled, and their attachment became warmer than ever, for the short remaining period of Hogg's life; and in November 1835 we see the stalwart form and uncovered head of Christopher North stooping in sorrow, after the rest of the company had retired, over Hogg's mountain grave, and, as Dr. Rogers finely says, "consecrating by his tears the green sod of his friend's last resting-place." A gentleman who was present described to us Wilson's figure as assuming then and there an aspect of mournful majesty, which a sculptor might have studied ere constructing a statuesque image of the Grief of Genius.

Hogg and Wilson had many elements in common, and fitting them for friendship, besides their poetic powers. They were both lovers of manly sports and exercises; both fond of convivial society; both ardently attached to the country life, and to Scotland's scenery and manners; and in both there was a coarse element, which, if it rendered both somewhat distasteful to the fastidious, rendered them dearer to one another. In compass and versatility of powers Wilson was as superior to Hogg as he was in culture. Hogg had, however, one poetic faculty in him possessed fully by no modern writer—that of gracefully assuming a fairy guise, and entering into the very soul of supernatural beings. In this respect he trod on the heels of the author of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" himself. Naturally coarse, hirsute, and hoggish, he had the power of going out of himself, and impersonating the gayest

Creatures of the element
Which in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play 't the plighted clouds.

It was as if Bottom had been "translated," not into an ass, but into Cobweb or Pease-blossom. In the regions of fairy and ghost-land Hogg was thoroughly at home. How he had obtained the freedom of those mist and cloud-built cities we know not; but it seemed sometimes as if Titania had again lost her senses, and, falling in love with an inferior animal, had renewed her command to her fairies:

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dew-berries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bee shall suck the bee-hive,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes—
Nod to him, Elves, and do him courtesies!

And around him, acting in the spirit of these instructions, although laughing in their sleeves, came the elves accordingly. One of them took him up in the air, with the "Witch of Fife;" and after an unparalleled ride, brought him back to Altrive again. Another led him through the long beautiful glen which winds amongst the gloomy hills of Cluan and Dundurn to Loch Earn, with "bonny Kilmeny," and poured on his eye a vision beautiful exceedingly, and taught his tongue a melody of which men said when they heard it—

This is no mortal business, and no sound
That the earth owns.

A third beckoned him away at midnight to the brook of Glengyle, and showed him that fatal glowworm-lighted rainbow-boomed bark conveying the Phantom-lady and the lost McGregor to—that "Other Place." And a fourth hurried him aloft to the proud Sun; and on the way gave him a glimpse of a Ruined World—"showering thin flame"—appalling men and angels by its unwelcome apparitions, "clattering down the steep of night for ever," and seeming a metaphor of what this earth may peradventure become when the fires of conflagration have withered it, after, in the fine words of Alexander Smith,

The last saint has soared to God,
And Heaven is complete.

By the way, we are told in this biography that Hogg read in his boyhood Burnet on the "General Conflagration," and that it nearly "overset his brain;" and traces of the effects of reading this strange book are to be found in the "Pilgrims of the Sun" *passim*.

From such flights the poet came down exhausted and weak as other men. And in reading his other productions you thought of the title of the old play, "The Hog has lost his Pearl." His prose is in general sad trash, with the exception of a few of the tales in his "Winter Evening" series, and the most of his Shepherd's Calendar. In all his larger poems there occur whole pages of miserable platitudes and sounding nonsense. His best things, next to his fairy tales, in verse or prose, are his songs, which Dr. Rogers has reprinted here—and which are exceedingly racy, and full of true lyric fire. The Editor omits to mention the grand triumph Hogg enjoyed in reference to his famous song "Donald MacDonald." The *Edinburgh Review*, while attacking his Jacobite relics, singled out "Donald MacDonald," as an admirable specimen of the old Jacobitical song. Hogg, in a letter in *Blackwood*, used some such language as this to his reviewer, "Oh, man! ye are a great ass; I wrote that song which ye have discovered to be so ancient, myself, in the year 1800, when I was a shepherd with Mr. Laidlaw!"

The history of Hogg's life is the record of a constant struggle on the part of a man who had genius, but no common-sense or self-control, with narrow circumstances and a false position. He was at once an imperfectly furnished literary man, and a bad farm-manager. His shepherd habits spoiled him as an author—and his literary habits spoiled him as a sheep farmer. He thought he had two strings to his bow—but both were soaped and worn away at last to nothing. With many admirable qualities, he had almost all the vices of the literary life and of the poetic temperament. He was vain, envious, irritable, suspicious, opinionative, talkative, egotistical, and to the last degree imprudent. Although he had mingled from an early age with all classes of the community, he continued to the end as ignorant of the world as a child. He quarrelled, for no reason whatever, with his best friends—such as Walter Scott and Wilson. He took sudden fits of standing on his dignity, when it was obvious to all men, that he never had any to stand on, or if he had, that he had lost it long before. He first submitted to become the butt of his waggish friends, and then, when it was too late, bitterly resented their ridicule. He pretended to be the sole or chief author of some productions, such as the "Chaldee Manuscript," of which he had only written a small part. And even after the grave closed on Scott, he discovered no little malignity against his memory. Yet we are willing to make large allowance for his imperfect education and rude origin; and to concede that, with all his faults, he was most warmly loved by his literary as well as his personal friends. We love to think of him (as we have heard it told), returning at midnight from Ambrose's to the neighbourhood of Stockbridge, Edinburgh (where he was lodging), in the company of Christopher North; and of the two gifted friends, unable to separate, and walking to and fro for hours in the moonlight—the night echoes now returning their shouts of joyous laughter, and the night silence now seeming to listen to their subdued and solemn converse. Both are at rest; but, although the same churchyard does not contain their ashes—the one reposing in the shadow of stately Edinburgh, throned on crags, and the other amidst the pastoral glens of Ettrick—their memory is for ever associated together, and men shall never think of the Shepherd without thinking of Christopher, nor often of Christopher without thinking of that Shepherd, by impersonating whom in the "Noctes" Wilson

gained one of his own proudest titles to fame—nay, gave perhaps the most unquestionable proof of the power and originality of his genius.

After Hogg comes Dr. Muirhead, of Urr, an accomplished minister of the Church of Scotland, and author of one tolerable song, "Bess the Gawkie." Dr. Rogers does not seem aware of the most interesting circumstance connected with this gentleman. He wrote a very clever and bitter epigram on Burns, which cut that poet to the quick, and is said to have done his character material damage. It will be found in the fourth volume of Chambers' *Life of the Ayrshire poet*. Burns revenged himself by calling Muirhead

An auld crab apple,
Rotten at the core.

but this only showed that the barbed arrow was quivering in his own side.

A number of smaller fry, such as Mrs. Agnes Lyon, author of "Neil Gow's Farewell to Whiskey;" Robert Lochore, author of "Now Jenny lass;" and John Robertson, author of the "Toom Meal-pock," succeed. Alexander Balfour is of a higher order. He was a novelist, a poet, an essayist, a magazine writer, as well as a songster, and one of the best of men. The late admirable Delta wrote his memoirs, and published a posthumous volume of his writings, entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers." The two songs here preserved are pretty, but nothing more. George Macindoe, Alexander Douglas, and William MacLaren are the next, and are all minor lights; on the next two we must pause a little longer. Hamilton Paul is interesting as the early friend and rival of Thomas Campbell—as a biographer of Burns—as the most convivial and witty of the old school of Scotch Moderate parsons—the last of the kind of men who "roared" over "Holy Willie's Prayer" and the "Holy Fair," when they appeared—and, latterly, as the acceptable and hospitable pastor of the parish of Broughton. Paul indulged in an admiration for Burns which rather outwent discretion. Burns, poor fellow! could at last hardly get a minister to baptise his legitimate children. Had Hamilton Paul been then of age, and in orders, he would, we verily believe, have walked all the way from Broughton to Dumfries to baptise that "neebor's bairn," which Jean Armour, by an unparalleled act of forgiveness, took and fed at her own bosom. He defended Burns with a pertinacity and an indecorum that nearly produced unpleasant consequences to himself. Andrew Thomson, of St. George's, Edinburgh, although by no means a squeamish and narrow man, was scandalised at Paul's conduct as editor of Burns, and pounced on him with all that blended ability and animus which distinguished him. He attacked him both in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, the organ of the Evangelical party, and in the General Assembly. Paul, however, survived the shock, and lived till February 1854, when, at the great age of eighty-one, and exactly two months before Wilson's death, who had defended him in *Blackwood*, he departed this life, at Broughton Manse, leaving the reputation of a kind-hearted, generous being, who had, however, committed one vital blunder—he had mistaken his profession. Poor Robert Tannahill succeeds. Mr. Rogers has not much that is particularly new about him; but his remarks are characterised by good taste and feeling. Tannahill was evidently not a man of much power of mind, but had a susceptibility to those lighter and softer emotions which are the soul of song. He seems not to have had strong passions—is supposed never to have even been in love—and yet he has left some sweet, true, and beautiful lyrics on love, as well as on other subjects. His "Yon Burnside," "O! are ye sleeping, Maggie?" Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," "Gloomy Winter's noo away" "Sweet Lass o' Arranteenie," &c., are not inferior to the best of the songs of Burns.

Dr. Rogers next introduces Henry Duncan, Minister of Ruthwell, the well-known founder of Savings' banks, and author of "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons." In our boyhood we remember reading, with considerable pleasure, his "Cottager's Fireside," a semi-novel, with little skill in the construction of story, but with some good pictures of humble Scottish life and scenery; with less, his "Young Country Weaver," a very one-sided attack on the Radicals of 1819; and with least, his "William Douglas; or, The Scottish Exiles," a forced and feeble attempt to defend the Covenanters against Old Mortality. Dr. Duncan was rather a man of bustling, tentative talent, than an original genius, and his

songs, in this collection, hardly deserve to be perpetuated.

Robert Allan—a friend of Tannahill's—has written a number of simple, natural, and pathetic songs, the best of which is "A Lament for the Solemn League and Covenant," which might rouse Cameron from his grave at Airmoss. The celebrated John Leyden is here, too, amongst the song-writers; although, sooth to say, learned and noble as he was, we have always been sceptical about his poetic inspiration. He was an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is rather warlike than poetical. James Scadlock is a new name to us; nor are we much pleased with his acquaintance. He was evidently a singular man; sprung from poor weaver parents in Paisley, he became a writer of verse, a painter, and a classical scholar; but with this knowledge we are quite satisfied—his verse is not poetry. The account of the unfortunate Sir Alexander Boswell, who fell in a duel with Stuart of Duncarn on the 26th of March 1822, is interesting, and convinces us that Sir Alexander, like his father Jemmy, had a "bee in his bonnet"—if not a hive of them. He was, however, incomparably cleverer than his father; and his songs are capital. "Jenny's Bawbee," "Taste Life's Glad Moments," and "Jenny dang the Weaver," are familiar to all lovers of song. William Gillespie follows. He was a man of high accomplishments: a minister of Sheils, Galloway, and brother, we believe, of Professor Thomas Gillespie, of St. Andrew's—a man of rare humour and scholarship. William had a more elegant mind than his brother, and wrote prose, as well as poetry, with much taste. If our readers turn to the 10th volume of *Blackwood*, they will find a paper from his pen entitled "November Breathings," worthy of Addison or Washington Irving—quiet, serene, and beautiful as one of the fine days at the close of autumn which it describes. Thomas Mounsey Cunningham was a brother of Allan Cunningham, and certainly possessed a portion of his brother's genius. John Struthers, the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," was a remarkable man, apart from his poetry, which was far from being despicable. Originally a shoemaker, and living, we remember, in a ground-floor in Montleith-row, Glasgow, he acquired great stores of miscellaneous information, was a ready, fluent converser, and wrote occasionally vigorous prose—not unlike that of Burns. He was a protégé of Scott and Joanna Baillie. His personal worth, honesty, and piety were even more remarkable than his talent. He had an extraordinary penchant for visiting beautiful scenes—a peculiarity he handed down to his sons, one of whom, a student of much promise, of whom we have lost sight, took us with him, on a fine spring day in 1827, to Cathkin Hill, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow—a hill commanding a superb prospect of the course of the Clyde, of the great capital of the West, and of the northern mountains. It is remarkable that the vast majority of our Scottish song-writers and poets have come from the west of that country. Burns, Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, Professor Wilson, Campbell, are only a few cases in point. From the East, again, whether owing to the cold easterly breezes which blow from the German Ocean, or to the still chillier influences of Edinburgh criticism and society, few poets or song-writers of much note besides Scott and Allan Ramsay have emanated. One of these exceptions we find in the next name on Rogers' list—Richard Gall—a native of East Lothian, who was cut down in his twenty-fifth year, but who has left one or two songs, such as "My only Joe and dearie O," which have often been ascribed to Burns, and which Scotland will not willingly let die.

It is with a prond heart, evidently, that Dr. Rogers inscribes the next name—the immortal name of Thomas Campbell—the most classical poet of the nineteenth century, and whose poetry is likely to survive that of many of his popular contemporaries; and, along with that of Burns, portions of Byron and Wordsworth, and Scott's novels, shall be more admired hereafter than aught in British imaginative literature since Milton and Shakspeare. The very spirit of Horace spake in Campbell's odes, blended with a warmer sentiment, and just touched with the hues of old romance. Each of his lyrics is worth a few hundred ordinary poems—so precious is the matter, so chastely rich the setting, and so exquisitely elaborate the polish. *Pingo in eternitate* was his motto; and, popular as his works are, they have not yet gained half their laurels. The poetry of Campbell

may be called perfect in its kind; and, compared to it, the poetry of Rogers is weak, that of Moore meretricious, that of Scott hasty and loose, that of Byron convulsive, that of Wordsworth imperfect, that of Wilson mawkish, that of Coleridge fragmentary, and that of Shelley and Keats morbid. Some of these men had probably greater genius than Campbell; but none of them has written poems equal to his in compression, burnish, purity of style, and graceful elevation of sentiment. Mrs. Richardson comes next; but her songs are not equal to what you now meet with in every twopenny journal. Thomas Brown is a distinguished name; but his verses are artificial, and elaborated out of all strength and nature. His Lectures are incomparably better, and are destined to survive after all that school of rabid Germanists and transcendental quacksalvers, who at present decry them, have been forgotten, or remembered only as creatures hatched by disease on a particularly unhealthy condition of the mind of humanity.

Of William Chalmers, Joseph Train (the grand caterer or lion's provider for Scott in his novels), Robert Jameson, Walter Watson, and their productions, "least said is soonest mended." But William Laidlaw, the last of the Lowland writers whose songs are given in this volume, was a man of real, although quiet and unassuming, genius; and of his "Lucy's sitting," Dr. Rogers truly says "that there is not a more exquisitely touching ballad in the language, with the single exception of 'Auld Robin Gray.'" His connection as amanuensis to Scott, too, shall long preserve his name.

The volume—which had opened with an interesting "Introduction to the Modern Gaelic Minstrelsy," from the pen of a friend of the editor's, a Highland clergyman we understand—closes with some specimens of that minstrelsy itself. This will probably be the part of the book best relished by the ardent lovers of poetry. We are much mistaken if something of the old Pythonic inspiration—the spirit of the Homeric rhapsodies—be not breathing in these wild melodies by Alexander MacDonald, John Roy Stuart, and John Morrison, and if not the genius of the mountain-land of the Gael, with all its rocks, torrents, forests, and corries, have not lighted on these humble men with a double portion of its afflatus. Such poems as "The Lion of MacDonald," the "Praise of Moray," "News of Prince Charles," and the "Day of Culloden," are turbid and somewhat obscure dithyrambs; but the lightning always burns behind and sometimes flashes through the cloud, and if the words are sometimes mist, the sentiment is always fire. The translator seems to have performed his task admirably, especially in copying the hurry, confusion, and impetuous rush of the bardic inspiration.

Altogether we have read this volume—a volume of singularly varied contents—with much interest, and cordially commend it, as we did its elder brother, to all the lovers of poetry.

APOLLODORUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Self-Culture in Reading, Speaking, and Conversation.
By WM. SHERWOOD. New York: Appleton.
London: Low and Son.

ELOCUTION, meaning by that term not eloquence, but the giving of the right expression to words as the media of thoughts, is not sufficiently studied. How few can read a sentence with propriety! In our schools it is almost entirely neglected. Every endeavour to direct attention to the subject, and to induce young persons, especially, to study how to read and speak with propriety, deserves encouragement. We, therefore, welcome this volume, which comes to us across the Atlantic, as a plain, easy, and attractive teacher of an art not at all difficult to acquire. Mr. Sherwood's lessons only require to be followed, step by step, with patience and perseverance, and success is certain. He has not much that is new to say on a subject so often treated before; but his notations to indicate the inflexions of the voice is very simple and intelligible. The rules are plainly stated, and the exercises well selected.

The Clayton and Bulwer Convention, and the Correspondence. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.

It is merely necessary to notice the fact that Mr. Trübner has responded to the call of the public by publishing those documents which, when asked for in Parliament, were refused by her Majesty's ministers. Anything tending to throw light upon the difficulty looming in the direction of America is sure of a reception. They are printed in pamphlet form, handy for transmission by the post.

A Guide to Photography. By W. H. THORNTHWAITHE. London: Horne and Thornthwaite.

This is a most useful and valuable manual, containing most of the modern processes of manipulation. The introductory remarks on the chief optical properties of light, the construction and application of the photographic apparatus, and the explanation of the various processes that have been successively adopted, form a complete system, so that any one desirous of learning may make himself master of the subject from the instruction conveyed in this work. The principal novelty of this, the ninth, edition is the *modus operandi* of the new collodio-albumen process, by which the plate can be rendered sensitive a fortnight before use. The process here pointed out is preferable to many that have been suggested, inasmuch as it is more simple in its manipulation and far more satisfactory in its result.

A Dictionary of Epithets, classified according to their English Meaning: being an appendix to the "Latin Gradus." By C. D. YONGE. London: Longmans. 1856.

This little manual is intended only for the use of those who are beginning to write Latin verses. The plan of the work is to give the quantities, genders, and meaning of noun substantives, with a collection of epithets applicable upon classic authority, with their meanings and quantities. In the instruction of young beginners the advantages of such a plan are obvious.

Mathematical Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Mathematical Science. By CHARLES DAVIES, LL.D., and WM. G. PECK, A.M. New York: Barnes and Co. London: S. Low.

WE are not aware of the existence of any similar dictionary to this, which is wholly devoted to mathematical science. The same information is probably to be found in cyclopædias; but the convenience of possessing it gathered together in one compact volume is so great that the work cannot fail to have a hearty welcome wherever the English language is read. It contains definitions of all the terms employed in mathematics, an analysis of each branch, and of the whole as forming a single science. Where required, the articles are profusely illustrated by woodcuts, and 600 pages of double columns in close print attest the industry of the authors.

The 3rd volume of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, by Professor Wilson (Blackwood and Co.) contains the entire of those famous pages, which, under that title in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, delighted the public from June 1830 to Nov. 1832. The subjects touched upon with infinite humour, or poetry, or

argument, according to the mood of the writer, fill eight closely-printed pages in the mere naming of them. They embrace every topic of the time—political, literary, artistic; sometimes eulogistic, sometimes savagely vituperative, but always brilliant. No person of note who chanced to differ from the Professor in politics or religion escapes the lash. Such a style is not tolerated now; but it is impossible to read these compositions, so full of vigorous life and thought, without feeling that, if we have grown more polite, we are more feeble. It is refreshing to turn backward to these eccentricities of a giant after we have wearied of the petty politenesses of dwarfs.

We have received the two first volumes of a new edition of *Shakspeare*, published by Bell and Daldy. It is of convenient size, handsomely printed in bold readable type, usefully annotated, and remarkably cheap.

An Essay on Parliamentary Reform, by Robert Ferguson (Hope and Co.) is an ingenious plan of reform, as adapted to the altered condition of the country. Unfortunately the subject sleeps just now. Nobody cares about it. Mr. Ferguson should have waited till he would be more likely to find an audience.

The Collodion Process, by Thos. N. Hennah (Knight and Co.), has passed into a fourth edition. It contains minute instructions for photographers, with all the latest discoveries and improvements. Its great success proves its value; for it has been approved by those who have made use of it.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood makes another raid upon our modern poets, pouring out its wrath upon Alexander Smith and the mystical school, and scarcely sparing Tennyson himself. It is not difficult to recognise the handwriting of this clever but prejudiced paper. "The Wondrous Age" may be either satirical or sober. It is an indiscriminate attack upon all modern inventions, worthy of the *Quarterly* as it was. "Touching Oxford" is delightful table-talk about the University, by one of her most attached children. "Tickler among Thieves" appears to be an amusing gathering from the report of the Dog Stealing Committee, interspersed with some curious anecdotes of the writer's own experiences. "The Drama" impartially and sensibly reviews the present condition of the stage.

Bentley opens with a short paper on "The Question of the Day." We do not believe, as it assures us, that there cannot be an individual who will not be delighted if peace be made. We believe there are great numbers of individuals who will be intensely chagrined. Will the contractors who are making fortunes by the war be pleased? Will the not insigni-

ficant party who promoted the war, solely on hope that it would revolutionise Europe? We trow not. Nor will they—also not a few—who love war for its own sake. Mr. D. Costello's "Dock Warrants" is a clever tale; and Mr. Ainsworth's romance of "The Spendthrift" continues its attractions for the lovers of the genuine romance.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, true to its character as an historical review, devotes a large space to Macaulay's "History of England." But it is not for its original papers that the *Gentleman's Magazine* is to be valued so much as for its collection of the events of the time, its admirable memoirs of deceased celebrities, and other matters of permanent worth. It is, in fact, a monthly record of the history of the age.

The *Eclectic* is in new hands, with an enlarged scheme, more literary and less religious. Some vigorous pens are engaged in its service. German Protestantism and the Concordat are topics on which the writers treat with all their hearts. A memoir of James Montgomery is pleasantly but not impartially sketched.

The *Art Journal* presents us with an engraving of Mulready's famous picture "The Wolf and the Lamb," and another of "The Walk at Kew," by Gainsborough. Geef's statuary group of "The Sleeping Children" is a third of these large engravings, each of them worth double the price of the entire number. In addition to these are many woodcuts—some of them illustrating the works of who is the British Artist described this month.

The *Dublin University Magazine* opens with an article of great interest at this moment—a sketch of the Russian Army and Navy in the last century. "The Doctor in the Witness-box" is a serious discussion of a very serious topic—how far science really aids us in the discovery of crime, notably of poison. "Love in Curl-papers" is an amusing story. It is manifest that there is no change in the excellent staff of contributors, although the proprietors have changed. This is as it should be.

The fifth part of *Chambers's History of the Russian War* brings down the story to the commencement of the siege.

The *Train* (in its second number) contains a continuation of Mr. R. Brough's excellent story of "Marston Lynch;" also three translations from Victor Hugo and Pierre Dupont, by the same hand. Mr. Brough's rendering of Hugo's "Sara la Baigieuse" is an exquisite piece of sensuous poetry. We cannot speak too highly of Mr. W. P. Hale's "Last of the Band," a piece describing the sufferings of the survivor of Sir John Franklin's crew. The illustration of this, by McConnell, is highly picturesque. "The Dwarf's Bubble," by Oxenford, and "The Duels of Wilkes," by Draper, are noticeable features in the number.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

MONTHS many have not passed away since we read of hostile fleets lying opposite the old town of Reval, threatening its shipping and ancient gables with destruction. Though sharing then, too much perhaps, in the general war spirit, to the extent of hoping that the next mail would bring account of its bombardment, we should regret now if such an event had taken place or should take place. A little book has produced this change of feeling; and books, it has been known from days of yore, are great mollifiers. The Baron A. von Sternberg, in his recent work, *Erinnerungsblätter* ("Pages of Memory"), takes us into his native town, Reval; leads us through its quaint old streets, crooked as the ways of the Father of Sin; directs our attention to its middle-age architecture, its roomy warehouses, and to the *Schwarzen Häuser*—the "Black-Heads"—a building resembling the *Arthushoff*, or Exchange of Dantzig, and, like this, adorned with grey memorials of the past. The corporation, in league with the Hansa, in the olden times was a half-public half-private body, which shrouded itself in terrible mysteries, which the vulgar feared, and the authorities dared not, to penetrate. On the walls of this old house the author remembers to have seen portraits of senators in long beards and with longer robes, looking sternly from their heavy frames. He remembers also to have seen an apartment in which were contained the official robes and insignia of this powerful body, upon whose armorial bearings a black cap was a conspicuous emblem. Then in Reval there were the ruins of the convent of St. Bridget, which was reported to have a subterraneous passage, leading four miles under the sea, and which had its own special terrors to the author and

his playmates. To add to the materials of a romance, there was in the neighbourhood of Reval an old castle, upon the ruined walls of which young imaginations and sturdy hammers went to work. "A walled-up chamber opened to our blows, and we found here a skeleton, laid upon an oaken table, which had still some pieces of armour fastened to the limbs. According to every appearance, the unfortunate wretch had been buried alive—a punishment, for a breach of discipline, not rare in these barbarous parts." The Baron von Sternberg may have been dreaming when he wrote this passage; but, for the sake of romance, which is fast dying a natural death, let us credit him. When we admit of one fable, it is not difficult to admit of another. He mentions a dark tale which was current in "our family"—the Sternbergs are of the aristocracy, and can venture to speak of "our family"—and the tale is about a false beacon-fire. The tale, the author assures us, was transmitted to Germany, where, what between metaphysics and beer, its form was sadly exaggerated. It is simply this: In the latter years of the reign of the Empress Catherine, an old Baron von Sternberg had a castle close by the seashore, where nightly he entertained guests in the upper chamber of the highest tower. This chamber, provided with windows all round, and brilliantly lighted up, shone far out upon the sea, and was the cause of many shipwrecks. The baron and his jovial guests thrived upon the booty cast up by the waves. Was the giver of the feast to blame that the light of his many candles shone through his own windows? Thus he sought to excuse himself when the authorities had him in their power. The candles were extinguished, the guests dismissed, and shipwrecks on the coast were after-

wards fewer. The descendant of this baron here takes the liberty of dreaming again:

I lived in this marine castle several weeks, and it was appointed me to sleep in this mysterious chamber. The sea never affected me so much as on those nights when I could hear its waves dashing far beneath me. In my dreams the room was again lit up, and I saw the old baron walking up and down, clad in a long robe, and muttering mysterious words to the sea. Thereupon cries of distress would arise from the deep, and I could hear the signal-gun through the roar of the tempest. But the old baron would seem unmoved; still he would walk up and down, his exorcisms becoming ever more wild and unintelligible. The room at length would be filled with strange forms; pale men and women, their hair dripping with water, would raise their ghastly faces towards the lonely lord of the castle, and stretching forth their hands would present him with precious treasures, the booty of stranded ships. He would take them, but the instant he touched them flames would issue from the floor, and the ghastly figures, after dancing wildly round him, howling their dismal death-song, would disappear. This was the dream of the boy in the old castle by the sea-shore.

The author has another dismal recollection, respecting a fair young princess who disappeared from the Court of St. Petersburg; she was banished to L— Castle, wherever that may be, and strictly guarded. Suddenly her death was reported in the neighbourhood. At midnight a coffin was carried to the baronial sepulchre of the castle and lowered into a vault. Rumour asserted that the parson who lived near this depository of the dead heard shrieks and groans issuing through the gratings. Years passed on, and at length orders arrived to have the coffin in question removed to St. Petersburg. The author says—

I was present at the opening of the vault, a rela-

tion of mine having it in charge to open and then close the coffin, after having deposited within it the ribbon of the order of St. Anne. I have never learned, and, as far as I am aware, no one else has learned, in what condition the body within the coffin was found; but the midnight scene, the flare of torches, the old family vault, contributed to afford me a certainty of the violent end of this deplorable victim.

Better, however, turn from the baronial charnel-house and enter the old cathedral of St. Olave in Reval. It is a large building, dimly lighted. Under the roof of the nave are suspended many banners and trophies. Against the massive pillars are seen the iron helmets and breast-plates of ancient heroes, with their lances and swords now dull and rusted by time. In dim recesses stand their monuments with quaint carvings, and sculptures of figures in various attitudes, made affecting and mysterious through the gloom. The whole is calculated to make an impression on the mind of the imaginative boy.

When the organ ceased, and the worshippers had departed, then the inquisitive boy remained behind and wandered about in the cool depth of the vast nave of this church, letting his eyes look up to the giddy height or turn towards the wonders of the dim aisles. There, in the awful depth of the transept, sits in mysterious gloom a colossal Christ—an ancient image coarsely carved in wood—a God meditating on the fate of the world. Who dares approach to disturb his holy rest? From afar only he ventures to take a timid glance at the golden crown which lies at the feet of the figure, and at the crown of thorns upon its head. Near this divine image, turned more towards the right, are the images of mortals, ancient armorial bearings with proud names and gilded devices, and over each dark helmets, decaying plumes, and tattered banners. Oft when the twilight creeps through the arched window, one might fancy he saw pale countenances within these helmets, whose visors are half raised, and that he beheld mailed arms raised up to seize the gilded staffs in order to wave the banners. The fancy of the boy is, above all, charmed with a gigantic angel of the last judgment, who hovers aloft above the organ, and whose trumpet by a mechanical contrivance gives forth its terrible sound, when the organ plays a thunder chorus—a sound which penetrates to the joints and marrow and fills the creature with terror. Once only do I remember to have heard this angel blow; but his tones, which were not of earth, I shall never forget.

Alas, the noble Cathedral of St. Olave no longer exists. It was struck by lightning in July 1820, and was entirely consumed.

The *Erinnerungsblätter* of Baron von Sternberg is not altogether an autobiography. Along with much that concerns himself personally, he mixes up much pleasant gossip respecting others. With most of the continental celebrities of the present century he appears to have been acquainted. We find mention made of the Russian poet Joukoffsky, of Tieck the sculptor, Böttiger the archaeologist, and Kerner the seer, of whom he gives a very pleasing sketch. Kerner was a thorough believer in ghosts, and spoke of them as familiarly as he would talk of a friend whom he knew in Madrid or St. Petersburg. A proprietor, in Sternberg's presence, was speaking to Kerner of a ghost he had once seen in his cellar, in the form of a monk with an old grey hood. "Seen him once?" exclaimed Kerner, in his broad Swabian dialect, "I know the fellow; I met him once upon the road and forbade him to wander about. But it was of no use. He lived four hundred years ago, and was Father Guardian in the monastery. He stole the money-box and buried it in the cellar." The author gives the following tale in addition:—

Once I rode with him in a little open carriage from Weinsberg to Heilbronn. It was late in the evening, and a deep gloom was spread over the country. Kerner, who for a while had been very silent, suddenly made me aware of the clatter of a horse's hoofs, that sounded through the stillness. "It must be a horseman coming in this direction," I said. "Yes,—but what kind of horseman? The horse has only three legs, and he, the rider—look closely to him, he wears such a coat as no one wears nowadays, and that is but natural, for he is not of to-day. A hundred years ago he lived as tenant to a nobleman in this neighbourhood, and had I know not what crimes to confess. I don't exactly know the fellow, but I soon shall. I have often met him upon this road." He had scarcely spoken these words when a horseman passed our carriage at full speed. I could not, of course, observe whether his horse had three legs; but at the moment, excited by Kerner's tale, I could have sworn it was a spectre horseman, for I saw that the countenance he turned towards us was uncommonly pale, and the hat which he wore showed against the clear evening sky as one of a very uncommon shape. A cold ghost-shudder came over me.

Many interesting reminiscences of Goethe and

his household are farther given in the Baron's pages; and much agreeable gossip about the German courts and German society as it existed some quarter of a century ago. With one more extract we take our leave of the "Memory-pages." The anecdote relates to the celebrated physician Froriep and the King of Württemberg.

Froriep in his early days was in attendance upon King Friedrich of Württemberg, and with Matthiesson supplied the poetical and literary as well as the medical wants of the King. This prince, who in the latter years of his life had swollen out to a colossal bulk, was a brutal, tyrannical, whimsical, self-willed man; he could not, in consequence, bear to have near him any one with a particle of independence. Froriep, however, was an exception. Esteemed and respected, he stood by the side of the King, who always spared him, when he was dealing out sceptre-blows right and left. He finished his practice at the bedside of his princely patient with a curious accident. The King lay on his deathbed. Froriep, who had sat up with him several nights, overcome almost by sleep, sought an arm-couch, at a distance, and stretched himself out upon it. Scarcely, however, had his head touched the cushion, when a musical-box hidden beneath, and set in motion by his weight, began to play the lively air of *Blühe, liebes Veilchen* ("Blossom, lovely Violet"). We can readily suppose with what astonishment the physician sprang to his feet; but the musical-box was not to be stopped; it would have its own way; and the king and this frivolous air went out of existence together—a cutting satire truly, attended by the wickedest of all wicked accidents, on the useless and pernicious life of a crowned idler.

Ein Besuch im britischen Museum, von Dr. H. Meyer, is a very innocent book. The author came to England determined to be pleased with everything and everybody. He entered the British Museum, and, naturally enough, extols the treasures of Greek and Roman art therein contained. His praises are those of an everyday visitor. The printer has made his book a fit one for club or drawing-room; but his criticisms are of small value, though they may possibly satisfy his countrymen of Zurich. But the good-tempered Doctor did not confine his visits to the National Museum. Having said all he has to say respecting Greek and Roman art, he proceeds to give us *Etwas über London*. He admires the stateliness of our streets, and is astonished at the amount of wealth displayed in the shops of our tradesmen. The stream of carriages and passengers that flows through our grand thoroughfares excites his wonder. He is pleased with our omnibuses, and says nothing in disparagement of cabs and cabmen. He praises our morals as a people, and expresses his pleasure in regard to the propriety with which we observe the Sunday. We read, moreover:

The military are few in number in London, and one sees now and then small bodies only of foot or horse soldiers passing along the streets. The Englishman nourishes a rooted hatred against all standing troops, regarding them as the instruments of tyranny; he knows that the political freedom, of which he is so proud, and which often leads him to overvalue himself, would never have been obtained had his forefathers allowed their kings to have a standing army. The police system is not here, as elsewhere, managed by the military, but by 5000 policemen, who go about unarmed, and who to protect themselves, in case of need, have only a wooden truncheon, which they carry in their pocket. . . . The love of order exists here among both high and low, and distinguishes the English from all other nations. It was not, indeed, always so, and the history of England has its dark pages; but this virtue has gradually grown up from the consciousness that the equality of law is not an empty notion, but a truth. The insolence of the rich and great is punished, where injury arises from it, as much as the cheating and stealing of the poor.

It is pleasant to find that we stand so high as a people, in the estimation of an intelligent foreigner. In one or two paragraphs he says more of us than we deserve; but let that pass. A recent number of the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* gives the statistics of journalism in Germany for 1854, in an article which we here abridge.

In 1854 the total number of periodical publications in Germany was 2025, of which 403 were political, and 1622 devoted to general literature or to individual sciences. Of these numbers there were 208 political and 478 non-political published in Southern Germany (Austria, Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden); and in Northern Germany (Prussia, Hanover, Brunswick, &c.) 130 political and 695 non-political. In the same year the whole of Germany possessed about 2000 booksellers, including 400 music and printsellers.

There were also 1679 printing-offices, with 3405 hand-presses, and 971 steam or mechanical presses. Besides these there were 1119 lithographic establishments, with 3119 presses. The mean number of works which appear yearly is above 10,000. In the Zollverein the manufacture of paper has made rapid progress. In 1832, nearly 12,000 quintals were imported; whereas in 1852, more than 40,000 quintals were exported.

Among the first-fruits of the year is a work by M. de Loménie, in two volumes—*Beaumarchais et son temps*. Those who have listened to the music of the "Barbier de Séville" and the "Mariage de Figaro" will here learn much that is new respecting their author. The account of the discovery of papers here given to the world for the first time is not, however, altogether satisfactory. M. de Loménie takes us to a small deserted house in the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule. Let him enter alone, while we stand patiently in the street, to learn, on his return, what he has discovered.

On opening, not without difficulty, the door of this dilapidation, we raised a whirlwind of dust, which almost suffocated us. I ran to the window, to admit the air; but, like the door, the window had so lost the habit of opening, that it resisted all my efforts—the wood, swollen and rotting through damp, threatened to fall in pieces under my hand, when I took the sensible part of breaking two panes. We could at last respire and cast our eyes about us. The small room was loaded with boxes and packets filled with papers. I had before me in this little cell, uninhabited and silent, under this thick layer of dust, all that remained of one of the liveliest spirits, one of the most bustling, the most agitated, the most strange existences which appeared during the last century—I had before me all the papers left, fifty-four years ago, by the author of "Figaro."

Among the relics found at the bottom of a coffer were the works of a watch, in copper, with the inscription, "Carron filius ætatis 21 annorum inventit et fecit;" and some portraits. "One of two very small miniatures was wrapped in a paper, bearing these words, in a small hand, and somewhat scrawling—'Je vous rends mon portrait.'" Beaumarchais was certainly one of the most extraordinary characters of his age; but no one seems to have estimated his character better than he has done himself in one of these inedited papers, a portion of the bundle labelled by himself "Matériaux pour les mémoires de ma vie." He thus begins:

In my foolish youth I played every instrument; but I belonged to no corps of musicians—people of that sort detested me. I invented some good machines; but I never was of any body of mechanicians—they said ill of me. I made verses and songs; but no one acknowledged me as a poet—I was the son of a watchmaker. Not liking the game of *loto*, I composed pieces for the theatre; but they said, Why does he meddle with this? He is not an author, for he has affairs and enterprises without number. For want of finding some one to defend me, I printed long memoirs to gain suits they brought against me, and which one might call atrocious; but they said, You see very well that these briefs are not drawn up as the lawyers draw them. He doesn't care about being ruined; shall we suffer such a man to prove that he is right without our help? *Inde ira*. I treated with the ministers on points of reform which our finances needed; but they said, Why should he meddle in the matter? This man is not a financier. Struggling against every power, I raised the art of French printing by superb editions of Voltaire, an enterprise regarded as beyond the powers of an individual; but I was not a printer, and they said the devil of me. I have mashed pulp for paper in three or four factories, without being a manufacturer; I have had the makers and merchants for adversaries; I have carried on trade in the four quarters of the globe, but I was declared not to be a merchant; I had forty ships at one time at sea, but I was not a ship-owner, and they blackened me in every port. A ship-of-war of mine, of fifty-two guns, had the honour of fighting in line with those of His Majesty at the taking of Grenada. Spite of maritime pride, they gave the cross to the captain of my vessel; to my other officers military rewards; and I, whom they regarded as an intruder—I gained the loss of my flotilla, which this vessel conveyed.

And thus Beaumarchais proceeds, showing what he did and how evilly he was recompensed by the world. He exclaims at the last, half indignantly: "What was I then? Nothing but myself, and myself I have remained; free in chains, serene in the midst of dangers, making head against every storm; conducting civil affairs with one hand and military with the other; lazy as an ass, yet ever busy; the butt of a thousand calumnies, but happy inwardly; having never been of any coterie, military, political, or mys-

tical, having made court to no one, and repulsed by all." Here we must pause. M. de Loménie would be more interesting were he less prolix; for really, in these days of high speed, one cannot well be expected to wander over, in a leisurely manner, a thousand pages of printed matter.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

FRENCH.

Bouley, Charles. Germain de Siewski, ou trente-six ans de captivité, de 1794 à 1830. Paris. 18mo. Desnoyers, Louis. Les Femmes. Première étude: Gabrielle, ou la jeune fille. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. Faucher, Léon. Etudes sur l'Angleterre. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 7s. The same, 2 vols. 18mo. 12s. Faucher, Léon. Mélanges d'économie politique et de finances. Tome I. Histoire financière. Tome II. Economie politique. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 12s. The same. 2 vols. 18mo. 7s. Saint-Beuve, C. A. Causeries du lundi. Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d. Girardin, Mme. E. de. Contes d'une vieille fille à ses neveux. Paris. 8vo.

GERMAN.

Kaiser, S. Geschichte, &c. (History of a Constitutional Monarchy, or the History of France under Louis-Philippe, 1830-1848). Stuttgart. 8vo. 5s. Jacobi, O. König Erik, &c. (Kling Erik of Sweden, tragedy in five acts). Leipzig. 16mo. 1s. 6d. Lachambaudie, P. Hundert Fabeln, &c. (A Hundred Fables). Dessau. 16mo. 2s. Prochle, H. Freiderich Ludwig Jahn's Leben. Berlin. 8vo. 6s. Saphir, M. G. Wilde Rosen, &c. Wien. 16mo. 4s. Schlosser, F. C. Dante: Studien, &c. (Studies on Dante). Leipzig. 8vo. 4s.

SPANISH.

Mendoza, Inigo Lopez de, F. Perez de Guzman, y otros poetas del siglo XV. Rimas inéditas, recogidas y anotadas por E. de Ochoa. Paris. 8vo.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Feb. 12.

The bitterest enemies of Louis Napoleon are unable to deprive him of the credit of having done that which many of the wisest, most popular, and also the most prodigal of French monarchs before him have failed to accomplish—he has completed the Louvre; and with the termination of that great undertaking, so often commenced during the last four centuries, his name will remain indissolubly associated. It is a curious fact that the idea of joining together the two palaces, the Louvre and the Tuileries, was first started by Bernini, the architect, who suggested it to Louis XIV. It was also one of the favourite projects of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe; but time and money prevented them carrying it into execution. It was decreed by the Provisional Government in 1848. It is at present, thanks to the energy of the present ruler of France, a *fait accompli*. It is difficult for any one now beholding the noble quadrangle formed by the junction of the two palaces to have an idea of the aspect that same spot presented before the French Revolution—I mean that of 1789. The space was occupied by a whole city of narrow streets and winding alleys, of aristocratic mansions and of loathsome hovels. The purlieus of the Louvre were so encumbered by booths, itinerant vendors, small tradesmen, and building materials accumulated there for ages for completing the palace, that the place was impassable in the day-time, and at night afforded such facilities for thieves and cut-throats as to become a regular repair. Under Louis XIV., the palaces possessing a kind of "right of sanctuary," insolvent debtors, cut-purses, &c., found the passage through the palace a convenient refuge from the police. To such an extent did the evil grow that in 1701 Louis XIV. wrote to Seguin, the Governor of the Louvre, the following curious letter:—

Being informed that the passage opened for several years to the public in my *Château du Louvre* is a frequent source of disorder and scandal, I write you this letter to tell you that it is henceforth my intention that that passage be closed, and that the main door alone should remain open for those who are entitled to enter; and that you should see that those who do enter behave themselves with the respect due to such a place.

This letter, however, if it produced any change, only effected it for a short time; for under the Regency and Louis XV. matters were, of the two, rather worse than before—the *canaille* having, as it were, invaded the palace itself, and defiled the walls and the apartments with all the abominations peculiar to a Parisian mob. Under the ministry of Cardinal Fleury, it was proposed in the Council of Ministers to demolish the Louvre and sell the materials by auction. History has not preserved the name of the barbarian who made this motion. In the year five of the Republic (1796-97) an attempt was made to clear the palace and its precincts; but it proved a signal failure. In the time of the Empire, several blocks of houses were pulled down in the Place du Carrousel. Under the Restoration and the Government of July,

the work of demolition continued very slowly, but regularly. Hardly two years have passed since the Place du Carrousel, close up to the Picture-gallery, was encumbered with small wooden shops, at which old books, loose engravings, stuffed and live birds, rusty old iron, &c. &c., formed the staple trade of a small colony of the Bohemians of the street. Where that *cloaca* once stood, you may now behold one of the noblest piles of building in Europe. The cost of this embellishment would have made the late Joseph Hume sadly grumble.

Sculpture figures in the amount for a sum of	1,643,000
Masonry and carpenters' work	27,490,772
Repairs of the old Louvre, internal decorations, &c. &c.	13,604,000
	42,737,772

Or 1,700,000*l.* odd! All this has been accomplished, and all this money expended, in less than three years' time.

The Post-office authorities have just published, altogether on a new plan, the *Annuaire des Postes*. Unlike *Bradshaw's Guide*, it is very easy, with the aid of this volume, to master the details of every branch of this important department. *Ex gra*—it gives us the postage-price of a letter from Paris to any part of the world, the time occupied in its conveyance, the times of departure and arrival, &c. &c. The statistics it contains are remarkably interesting. The number of letters despatched by the post-office during the past year was 238,517,000, and the revenue arising therefrom is upwards of 45 millions of francs. Besides these letters, more than 30 millions of Government communications were carried gratis from Paris to various parts of the country, Algeria, and the French colonies. The papers and printed works sent by post amounted to upwards of 123 millions, and produced a revenue of a little more than 3½ millions of francs. In 1849 the number of postage-stamps sold was 21 millions, producing upwards of 4 millions of francs. In 1855 the number sold was more than 148 millions, and the proceeds more than 28½ millions of francs. From the tables which are annexed to this volume, it seems that the previous franking of letters is becoming more general every day. In 1847 it was at the rate of 10 per cent. In 1855 the ratio had increased to 85 per cent.

Some sensation is excited in the literary world by the determination come to by the Académie Française to select for election men without any literary claims to recommend them. The nomination of M. de Falloux and M. Biot, which appears certain, resembles a challenge thrown out to public opinion by what is humorously termed the Ducal party; no sooner do the wearers of the strawberry-leaf intimate a wish to become "immortals," than they are elected without the trouble of a canvass. What makes the matter worse is a little circumstance not perhaps generally known in England, that each academicien receives a salary of 1500 francs (60*l.*) per annum. Now 60*l.*, more or less, may enable a needy literateur to have occasionally an additional dish at dinner, or to buy his wife a new gown; more than that, it may pay for the schooling of a child. But is it fair that unlitary noblemen, with such fortunes as MM. de Noailles, Pasquier, de Broglie, de Falloux, should condescend to accept this, to them, paltry remuneration? In plain English, this is very like robbing the poor; and such a system ought not, in a civilised and intellectual country, be permitted to exist. Some rule ought to be established by which only literary men could become candidates. And it is not fair that these should have to struggle against the powerful competition of a great name, vast wealth and influence, although unsupported by literary talent of any kind.

There is good news from Belgium. The *Contemplations* of Victor Hugo will probably be published by the time this letter appears in print.

Our theatres are getting on slowly, the Grand Opera being, as usual, the duller of the lot. The new ballet, *Le Corsaire*, attracts audiences to see the pantomime and the dancing of Rosati, and the sinking of the ship with which the piece concludes. But for their music—what with their second and third-rate singers and worn-out operas, a visit to this theatre is rather a serious affair. The Government, however, do all they can to support it: the Emperor goes frequently, and thus displays his patriotism at the expense of his taste. When we reflect that this costly toy devours not less than 30,000*l.* sterling a year (speaking much within the mark) supplied by the State, independent of the receipts, it makes one think favourably of your London directors, who give you the best singers in Europe, and never receive a farthing in the shape of Government assistance. The Italian Opera does not flourish. The only real success of this season has been Verdi's *Trovatore*, which, with Mario as the tenor, attracts very full houses—a proof of what reputation will do for a singer; for his organ is quite incapable of giving effect to this or any other work of Verdi. In the tender strains of Bellini or Donizetti, or the lively melodies of *Il Barbiere*, Mario is at home; but to the robust—rude if you will—music of Verdi, he never was equal. The company at this theatre is very expensive, but cannot be called first-rate, though containing many estimable artists. Besides which, the inexperience of the director—the present being his first essay as a manager—

prevents him from availing himself advantageously of the talents at his disposition. Thus we have four tenors—Mario, Luchesi, Canion, and Mongini, three of whom remain nearly idle. We have also four *prime donne*—Mmes. Penco, Frezzolini, Boccabadiati, and Borghi-Mamo; the last a mezzo-soprano, with a charming freshness of voice and a genuine sentiment of music which delights every hearer, though without any great power of execution or skill as an actress. Of the others, Mme. Penco takes the lead; her voice is admirable and her style excellent, with execution sufficient for every reasonable ear, though not reaching the marvels of a Sontag or Mme. Bosio. I should add the name of Grisi to the above list; but her engagement, which commences next week, is only, I believe, conditional, and is, moreover, not likely to extend to many representations. If her voice be in the melancholy state described, the Parisian public have none of the generous indulgence towards an old favourite that distinguishes an English audience, and they will by no means crowd to hear her night after night, as the good-natured Londoners have done for the two last seasons. We have already one great *artiste* of other times, Mme. Frezzolini, whose failing powers it is sometimes painful to listen to, as it must be to her to witness the frigid indifference of the public. The truth is, these over-paid vocalists, male and female, should be content with their high reputations and large fortunes, and retire while their admirers have still some excuse for regretting them. The want of candour, or rather the absurd flatteries, of the press both in Paris and London, are not quite guiltless in the prolongation of these delusions.

The director of the Théâtre Français, M. Houssaye, has resigned his sceptre into the hands of the Minister of State, M. Fould, a gentleman who finds so little to occupy him in governing an empire like France that he insists upon managing all the theatres. This nominal directorship did not quite suit the taste of M. Houssaye, who consequently resigned, and the Minister has named M. Empis to the post. This gentleman is a dramatic writer of some success, having produced many popular comedies in conjunction with a M. Mazeres; but as his dramatic career commenced more than thirty years ago, activity in his new duties is scarcely to be looked for—perhaps, under the present order of things, it is not necessary, the business being conducted in the bureau of the Minister. To such an extent is this carried, that applications by actors—and of course actresses—for leave of absence, &c., are addressed, not to the Director of the Theatre, but to the Minister. How this would make them stare in Downing-street! These proceedings, it is unnecessary to add, give rise to many pleasantries at the expense of the "most potent, grave, and reverend signors" who insist upon undertaking duties so extremely onerous.

The first novelty under the new régime has been unfortunate. It was a comedy of broad humour, modelled on Molière, written by one of the most rising authors of the day, M. About. Its title was *Guillery*, the hero being a gallant student of the olden times, and the plot turning upon the intrigues of this Giovanni with a couple of citizens' wives. The thing had a certain dash of the scholar about it, which placed it higher in the estimation of men of letters than many of the most successful comedies of the day. But these were a decided minority amongst the audience; and the presence of their Majesties only saved the piece from direct condemnation on the first night: the writer immediately withdrew it. Like the school which the author has followed, the characters were a little too plain-spoken for the taste of the day; and hence the disapproval. The public of Paris have not the least objection to vice and immorality on the stage; but it must be done genteelly. M. About, though yielding to the sentence of the public, intends to appeal from the theatre to the closet; in other words, "to shame the rogues, and print it."

At the Variétés all the world is running after a little piece called *Les Cheveux de ma Femme*, one of the most laughable affairs brought out for years. The subject is that of an unfortunate husband, suspicious of his fairer half, who resolves to resort to magnetic somnambulism to obtain a confession from her own lips to confirm or remove his doubts. He silly cuts off a lock of her hair; the lady is magnetised, and proceeds to make the most terrible revelations! Our Othello, horror-stricken, is about to take deadly vengeance on the culprit, when it turns out that she wears a wig! a secret he was before unacquainted with. The paroxysms of the enraged husband while the wife is unconsciously revealing the *erreurs* of the original proprietor of the hair, are wonderfully rendered by one of our best comedians, Numa. This bagatelle, which scarcely occupies half an hour, fills the house every night to suffocation. Another extraordinary success is that of a piece called *Le Médecin des Enfants*, which, notwithstanding its forbidding title, has literally crammed the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* to suffocation for four months past, and at this moment a place is not to be had without two or three days' application in advance.

Among the great Boulevard successes of the day, I must not forget that of *L'Homme aux trois Visages*, an old melodrama, written by the late Viscount d'Arlincourt, whose death has given a kind of re-

newed celebrity to his works, which have long been very low in the market. His biography is now in everybody's hands. He was the author of several romances of a very poor school, amongst which one called *Le Solitaire*, obtained once immense popularity, less, however, for any literary merit, than from its having been taken up very warmly by the then Court, that of Louis XVIII.—the Duchess of Angoulême, the Duchess of Berri, and the other ladies of the royal family repaying by their encouragement and patronage the zeal and fidelity of one of their most devoted partisans. This book was read in every chateau, and in a dramatic form acted on every stage, and enabled the noble author in some sort to redeem the fallen fortunes of his house. But its success was only ephemeral, for dullness will not become popular in France, even when recommended by royalty; and, his subsequent works being of a class that left no excuse for enthusiasm even on the part of his warmest friends, this artificial reputation speedily declined, and the Viscount had to part with his ancient family inheritance, the domain of St. Paër in the vicinity of Gisors, in the fortress of which his ancestor, Richard de la Forêt, in 1137, sustained a siege against all the neighbouring barons. On the ruins of this castle now stands an iron-foundry, and the estate is the property of a manufacturer. *Sic transit gloria!* The noble Viscount some two years before his demise, though very considerably advanced in years, married a lady of large possessions, and thus closed his latter days in affluence. His excessive devotion for the elder branch of the Bourbons gave a something of exaggeration and even burlesque to his political opinions, and threw an air of ridicule over feelings which it was impossible not to respect for their indisputable sincerity.

The character of D'Arlincourt will stand out in proud contrast with those of some other celebrated names which became historic during the revolution of 1793 for their noble stand in favour of fallen royalty, and who with a handful of brave peasantry in La Vendée maintained a gallant struggle against the forces of the Republic. Witness that of Laroche-Jacquelin, a name so famous in those days for chivalrous loyalty—its present holder, after a variety of many-coloured changes, having ingloriously settled down into one of our mute senators, receiving a quite pension from the Emperor of 30,000 francs a year.

AMERICA.

America: a Sketch of the Political, Social, and Religious Character of the United States of North America. By Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF. New York: Scribner. London: Trübner. 1855.

Dr. SCHAFF is an Americanised German, who delivered, two years ago, a course of lectures upon America and the Americans before "a select assembly of ladies and gentlemen" in Berlin. These lectures, being very successful at the time, have since been translated and published; and that is how the volume now before us came into existence.

The author frankly admits that some of the most intelligent of his Berlin auditory considered that he had treated his subject in rather a partial spirit; but, although he goes so far as to declare that this charge was probably well grounded, we do not think that he has sacrificed the interests of truth to any very material extent, whilst he has occasionally had the courage to make use of language which will be read with more profit than pleasure by many of his American readers.

We pass over Dr. Schaff's statistical information respecting the United States, as not containing anything particularly novel, and come at once to his analysis of the social and political aspects of the country. He displays an extraordinary ignorance of European history when he enumerates American slavery among "the last traces of mediæval feudalism." Nothing can be more inaccurate. The serfdom of feudalism originated in a compact between the weak and the strong, whereby the former was to render service and the latter protection. This has no kind of similarity with the merciless and illegal violence which tears human beings from their native country and reduces them to a state of slavery and degradation, not only without their consent, but positively against their inclination. It may flatter the Americans to believe that their crime has an origin so respectable as the feudal institutions of Europe; but it needs only the most cursory investigation to detect so flimsy a pretence. American slavery arose from the apparent necessities of the country at a time when labour was not to be obtained and the necessity for it was imperative; and it would have been better for the Americans if they had gradually abandoned it as the necessity gradually disappeared. Avarice and love of dominion have, however, perpetuated the evil, and there it remains, a blot upon

American honour and a thorn in the side of the American constitution.

We fully believe, with Dr. Schaff, that the best stratum of American society lies beneath the surface; that here, as elsewhere, the noisiest fellows make themselves most heard; and that beneath the surface of vulgarity and dollars, indignation meetings, caucuses, annexations, and filibustering expeditions, Barnums, Soules, and N. P. Willis, there exists a worthy, intelligent, energetic, and industrious people, possessing qualities far beyond these vulgar and demonstrative phenomena. In the world of America politics "all wild passions, falsehood, calumny, bribery, and wickedness of all sorts are let loose; and even the halls of Congress are frequently disgraced by the misconduct of unprincipled demagogues; so that multitudes of the best citizens, disgusted with the wire-pulling and mean selfishness of self-styled friends of the people, shrink from any active participation in politics, or discharge their duty as citizens by nothing more, at most, than their vote at the ballot-box." Thus it is that, by an apparent contradiction, we constantly find the body of the American people opposed to the policy of its Government, and witness the extraordinary spectacle of the heads of the legislature being compelled to retreat from positions which they have once assumed, not by the influence of foreign powers, but by the internal pressure of the public at home. Dr. Schaff is certainly very candid in his description of the apparent surface of American society:—

In the lead of this luxury stand sometimes the most disgusting forms of a mushroom aristocracy, which rests upon nothing but the dust of gold. These American fops and quack aristocrats, who, void of all true nobility, have no sense for anything but outward show, are not rarely met to our shame, in European capitals and watering-places, striving to outdo the polite world in vanity and folly.

These are the persons who bring American society into disrepute, and attract upon her the animadversion of those who abominate snobism in any form.

The flourishing commerce and growing wealth of the country (continues Dr. Schaff) involves great danger of a bottomless materialism and worldliness; and I see in Christianity alone the powerful corrective, which has thus far saved the higher intellectual and moral interests, and which will secure to them in future the predominance over the "almighty dollar." It is a remarkable fact, however, that wealth hardly ever continues to the third generation in the States, and that all this artificial aristocracy soon runs out. The middle classes are there, more than in any other country, the proper bone and sinew of society, and always restore its equilibrium.

Americans are not accustomed to receive from their own writers so much of truth and good sense as is contained in this short paragraph. To compensate for this just severity, Dr. Schaff certainly throws in a few compliments to the Americans upon their social manners, and especially instances the deference paid to women as distinguishing them above all other nations. We know that America has been called "a woman's Paradise;" but we have yet to learn that the custom of addressing mixed assemblies as "ladies and gentlemen," rather than "gentlemen and ladies," is so exclusively American as Dr. Schaff asserts.

Our author communicates some very interesting facts respecting the present condition of science and literature in the United States; but we are sorry that he has neglected the opportunity which the reference to the latter afforded him for reading a lecture to those piratical publishers who grow fat upon the spoil of Europe.

Rather more than three-fourths of the volume is taken up with a full and searching inquiry into the state of religion in America and the different sects to be found there. It is well known that the United States are peculiarly sectarian, and that every "wind of doctrine" seems to gain additional intensity whenever it reaches those shores. How far this is due to what is called "the voluntary principle" and the separation of Church from State, we cannot positively affirm, and have not now the leisure to discuss; but we can confidently recommend Dr. Schaff's little volume to all who desire to form an opinion upon the point.

As a candid, well-written, and, for the most part, truthful survey of American society, we do not think this book can easily be matched. Another quality, most unusual in works coming from that side of the Atlantic, recommends it to our praise, and that is its refreshing modesty.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 52.)

THE most esteemed sculptor in Turin is Vincenzo Vela, a native of Ticino, long settled here. At his studio I saw a cast of his most conspicuous work, erected in the cemetery at Bergamo, the monument of Donizetti, consisting of a sarcophagus on a basement surrounded by a mourning female figure with a harp (the impersonation of Harmony), and adorned in front by a relief of eight children with lyres, some breaking the chords, others weeping, to represent the notes of the gamut; a melancholy grace and tenderness, in the absence of higher and severer attributes, invest this work with interest that fascinates the attention. "Spartacus" is a statue by this artist, a cast of which has been sent to the Paris Exhibition, the marble being at the Litta Palace in Milan. It is vigorous, but little idealised, in the action of rushing forward with clenched hands, nerved for a desperate assault, that reminds of the prize-fighter rather than the hero. A statue of Cesare Balbo, to be erected in the public gardens here, struck me as one of Vela's happiest; seated, and of heroic proportions, in modern costume which is less felicitously disposed than might have been even such habiliments, the poise of the figure, as the character of the head, expresses repose; deep thought, intellectual power, and calm benignity distinguishing the finely-marked countenance. The "Death of Socrates," a small bas-relief, in this studio, is a pathetic and original treatment of the story. In the Campo Santo, at a short distance from Turin, decidedly the best monument is by Vela—a statue of a lovely female, on a large basement, intended to personify Hope, but resembling, rather than an abstract individuality, the portrait of some young female early called to suffer, and sustained by faith that raises her heavenward the more sorrow darkens her earthly way. The monument to Silvio Pellico here is a plain white marble obelisk, surmounted by a cross, with a medallion profile characterised by mild intellectuality, and the appropriate inscription in Italian: "Silvio Pellico, born at Saluzzo 24th June 1789, died in Turin 31st January 1854. Under the burden of the cross he learnt, and taught to others, the way of Heaven: Christians, pray for him and follow him." This Campo Santo, completed a few years ago, is in a beautiful situation, overlooked on one side by the heights of the Superga, whilst on the other the Alps may be descried rearing their snowy peaks in the distance. The inner of its two great sections is surrounded by a handsome Doric arcade, opening at intervals into *adæcula* with cupolas, some of which are pointed with groups of angels, or others allusive to monuments below. Few sculptures here are of superior merit, and many in the worst taste possible; busts in glass cases, like coach-lamps; such mortuary decorations as wreaths of black and white glass, miniature paintings of armorial shields, and mourners at tombs in full dress, excite painful dissatisfaction in a scene where all should be solemnised; but the singular beauty of the landscape beyond, the combinations of cypress alleys, luxuriant beds of flowers, with gleaming marble forms and porticoes descried through trees, altogether render this spot fascinating—one where we linger willingly, and feel that it is good to be there.

I have been admitted, at the ministry of public works, to see the small model, in bronze and coloured wood, of Marochetti's monument to Charles Albert. It struck me as of noble and vigorously original conception. The king, in modern uniform, sword in hand, appears on horseback at the summit of a square pedestal, round the basement of which are seated Charity with children (the usual personification here happily rendered); a nude male figure holding a tablet with the inscription "Lo Statuto"—this being a peculiarly majestic personification, of bold and defiant expression, as if in the idea of *defending* the constitutional statute from insidious hostilities; also, a female with a sword and scroll, displaying her designation, "Eguaglianza Civile;" and another female holding a crown of thorns, whose attitude and expression seem to plead against the awards of Destiny to the royal Dead. The collection made throughout this kingdom for the expense of the monument has been enthusiastically promoted; domestic servants and the lowest employes have contributed their sous, not less than the wealthy their gold.

The advancement of national education, and the manner in which this great interest now occupies Government attention, is one of the most striking proofs that the present is an epoch of renewed life for Piedmont. I have visited the "Regio Istituto delle Arti," a large college, founded 1845, which aims at the Polytechnic character, and receives from Government an annual grant of 22,000*fr.* Schools here, for the benefit of artisans, are open gratuitously from 8 till 10 in the evenings, and on those of festivals, for the prescribed studies of design and natural perspective. Generally, I was told, the artisan classes are eager to avail themselves of this advantage, and sometimes send their children at ages early as eleven. I was received here with courtesy by the librarian (who is also secretary), in a library furnished with a collection, not large, but very valuable, of scientific works in several languages—not a few English, and some splendid geological compilations from the United

States. The system of studies was fully explained to me, and seemed excellent. The Museum of Mineralogy here, supported by 2000*l.* per annum out of the subsidy, occupies a long hall lined with cabinets, which, on one side, are only just finished; these latter being appropriated to specimens of the productions of this kingdom, arranged in provinces—at present seen to disadvantage in the absence of 2000 out of the set, which have been sent to the Paris Exhibition. The school of mechanic design is a large lone apartment, with lamps hung from the ceiling to light the evening studies. A set of models of mineralogical formations, in coloured wood, are used for the instruction in natural science. Six professors are attached to this institution, who are mostly professors of the University as well.

In this university the faculty most distinguished is that of law, attended by about 600 students in that sole department, thus showing an average far above that of the attendance of all other Italian universities. It is only since the constitutional regime has been established, that the use of barbarous Latin, for the schools of law and medicine, has ceased here. Since 1848 dates, moreover, the obligatory introduction of Italian into the studies of national schools. Formerly girls were taught no other language than French in the convents to which they were sent for schooling. French was the exclusive idiom of high society and the court. Now the Italian is more generally, though not exclusively used, both in the Royal Palace and at the *soirées* of fashion; and children at home for the holidays are beginning to astonish their parents by salutations in pure Tuscan, where formerly the domestic circle had been accustomed to nothing more resembling the language of Dante than a cacophonous and semi-Gallican patois. The library of this university, which contains many valuable codes and archives, I find crowded by students, alike in the fore and after-noon, on each of my almost daily visits.

Another educational establishment which has interested me is the "Albergo della Virtù," where a certain number of youths, at present 100, are maintained and educated in the rudiments of letters and various branches of mechanic art, for six years, from the age of thirteen. The industrial pursuits here, especially the weaving and other preparation of silk, are carried on by a large number of hands, many of both sexes being employed, besides those supported on the premises. The *figli di casa*, as are styled these latter, are supplied on leaving with a fund sufficient to set up in business, formed by the overplus earnings of every day beyond thirty sous, to which amount

only the *Albergo* appropriates the profits of the daily labour. I spoke with a handsome intelligent youth, who had been here five years, and seemed perfectly contented. Altogether, the air of cheerful industry and systematic neatness impressed me most favourably for this institution.

One good object to which authority here has directed generous care, is the consolidation of the national drama. It is about three years since the system was initiated of annually rewarding by prizes the best original pieces acted successfully in Turin; and I have been told (some months ago) that since the announcement of that purpose about 200 compositions had been submitted to the appointed judges. For the approaching winter season have been renewed these offers in the amount of 3000 francs, to be divided into three prizes. A Society of Dramatic Authors has been founded here; and on the 14th of the present month was a meeting of its council, under the presidency of Signor Vollo, to nominate delegates for representing its cause in other provinces or states of Italy—the Roman, Neapolitan, Tuscan, Lombardic, Venetian—the Marquis Gioacchino Pepoli being nominated for the Papal States, and Signor Chiossone, a dramatic writer of note, for the Genovese. In the object of founding a journal, as prescribed by the statutes of this society, the completion of a programme and of estimates for the accomplishment of this undertaking was entrusted, on the same occasion, to three members, all of literary reputation, La Farina, Brofferio, and Sabbatini, the first of whom was also charged with the task of preparing an address, in the name of the Turin Dramatists, to the French Society of Dramatic Authors.

The Carignano, the second theatre of Turin, a beautifully decorated house, is now monopolising the attention of the fashionable world by Verdi's music and the singing of "La Piccolomini" in the *Traviata*. I have, nevertheless, found attraction at a minor theatre in the acting of the Monti, husband and wife, who are both artists of ability, and in productions of a character yet little attempted on the stage of other Italian cities—dramas, for the most part, of recent origin, aiming at the portraiture of modern life, sad or humorous, and the illustration of some moral—such aim as was constantly kept in view by Goldoni, though pursued sometimes too artificially, and often with tedious minuteness, in his curiously national comedies. *I Giornali* ("The Journals") by Vollo, is one of the pieces *premiati* during the past winter, when it was first produced at the Carignano, supported by the talents of Madame Ristori and Rossi. By the Monti company I have seen a very effective

presentation of this drama, which is one of the best, and far indeed above the average of recently produced Italian comedies. Its story is rather incumbered by collateral plots, and the whole, for performance, proves too long; but pathos, humour, and subtle distinction of character unquestionably assert themselves in its scenes, with skilful subordination to the object of exposing the profound immorality of journalism when prostituted to partisanship, and its blighting effects on those engaged in such career of hireling literature. A passage of powerful effect is produced by the struggle of a better nature in the hero, after he has fully discovered the depth of the abyss into which he has fallen, entrapped by offers of rescue, for a loved and loving wife as well as himself, from the extreme of misery. His retaliation and exposure of the malpractices of the clique, after fairly emancipating himself, forms an interesting finale. *Suor Teresa*, another new piece, well acted by the same company, is a serious drama of startling innovations against hitherto observed proprieties of the Italian stage—and, indeed, opposed to the letter of the law in Turin. This is the story of an abbess and a novice—the former drawn into the cloister, as refuge from wrong and destitution, in early life, without vocation; the latter about to be sacrificed to family intrigue, while her affections are set on an earthly object. In this destined victim the unhappy abbess discovers her own child, in time, by a bold stroke (under the circumstances impossible), to save her from a life of regrets, and shame the unworthy father into compliance with his daughter's true interests, guided by the vocation of the heart. The appearance of a cloistral sisterhood, and many details of the ceremony of taking the veil—some far too sacred to be admissible in any Catholic, scarcely in any Protestant city, on the stage—had an effect on the audience singularly manifest, but finally leading to the most marked applause. Madame Monti acted with great power in the scene where the abbess reappears for an hour, glittering and seemingly of the glittering world, to confront, in the father of her protected novice, her own betrayer—to admonish, overwhelm, and constrain him, in the dust at her feet, to atone in some measure for the past by promoting the true happiness of his child. In the final scene also, when the abbess dies in presence of the father and daughter, amid the astonished circle of her veiled sisterhood, the actress was fully equal to the pathos of the situation. This performance, and its reception, might be considered to imply a demonstration against the cloistral system about as plainly as possible; but surely a more suitable province might have been chosen for such moral protest than the stage.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

In a discussion that took place on Mr. Robinson's paper as to the condition of the Thames, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, it would appear that on the removal of the old bridge, in 1832, numerous shoals were thrown up, and the action of the steamers undermined the bank. The City Corporation, to redress these grievances and prevent their growth, appointed a commission to examine the river and report what measures could be taken for the purpose; the report recommended that 60,000*l.* should be spent on improvements. The Corporation proposed to place the whole management in a committee of their own body, under an Act of Parliament, and to borrow 300,000*l.* upon their own landed property, in execution of the plan. This design had, however, been suspended by the Crown lawyers, who had filed an information and obtained an injunction to stop the works. "They sought to wrest the right to the soil of the river from the Corporation, and claimed to have the Improvement Fund as part of the hereditary revenues of the Crown, to be applied to the private uses of the Sovereign, instead of appropriating the whole fund, as the Corporation proposed to the improvement of the river." The point at issue is, to whom does the river belong? From the age of the Romans, during the Heptarchy, from William the Conqueror, the question had been continually agitated, until the time of William the Third, when the corporation had their rights recognised and confirmed. After so long a recognition of such rights, the citizens now resisted the monstrous claim set up by the Crown to the beds and banks, not of the Thames only, but of all rivers, and the shores of the sea between high and low water. For twelve years has this suit been pending; and, if the claim of the Crown can be successfully maintained, this apauage would be preferable to the civil list granted by the representatives of the nation for the support of the Sovereign. Thus the river is left in abeyance, and the public suffers, in order that the Crown may revive claims long ago set at rest; and which, if established, would render the Sovereign independent of the people, and

thus disturb the balance of the British Constitution. It is right that science should be vindicated; for the filthy state of the Thames has generally been considered as the opprobrium of the scientific world—instead of being, as it now appears to be, a mere question of law between the Sovereign and the people of Great Britain.

At the Geological Society Professor Ansted gave a description of remarkable mineral veins, commencing with Cobra lode of Santiago de Cuba, intended as the first of a series. This is a very exceptional vein, "remarkable for its magnitude and complication, its extraordinary thickness, the high degree of mineralisation of the surrounding 'country,' and the nature of the adjacent rock masses." This, which is one of the richest copper lodes known, is opened on a hill near the town of El Cobre, about eight miles from Santiago de Cuba, being 600 feet above the level of the sea. The productive part of the lode includes three courses of ore, nearly parallel to each other in strike, but gradually approaching downwards. These courses, however, must be considered as parts of one great lode; the intervals between them being occupied by a conglomerate of decomposing porphyry and greenstone, abounding with lime, and passing into a compact whitish-green porphyry: associated with the courses of ore, the veinstone, and the "country" are large quantities of iron pyrites, and at a considerable depth the veinstone contains gypsum. The metalliferous deposit, in accordance with the form of the ground, terminates abruptly to the west, and dies away towards the east. The heaves and cross courses do not carry ore.

Dr. Kane's report to the Secretary of the United States Navy, which was read at the Royal Geographical Society, furnishes some curious facts as to the power of the human frame to resist cold. For four years, from 1850 to 1854, did the gallant band of thirteen persons, ten of them belonging to the United States Navy, pursue their course. In 1851 the lowest temperature observed was in February, when the mean of eight thermometers gave 70° below zero Fahrenheit at their winter quarters, at Van Rensselaer harbour, the mean annual temperature of the spot appearing to be 2° lower than that of Melville Island according to Captain Parry. The effects were

chloroform froze, essential oils became partly solid and liquid, and chloric ether was congealed for the first time by natural temperature. Spasmodic disease among the men occasioned the chief difficulty; scurvy, however, being completely subjugated. Parties were sent, for the purpose of exploring, in different directions, travelling chiefly by dog sledges, Dr. Kane himself having performed 1400 miles with a single team. The severe cold attacked these dogs in the form of tetanus, with symptoms not unlike hydrophobia, and many died in consequence. To resist this temperature to which the men were exposed, not being in ships, as in former arctic expeditions, they were obliged to consume large quantities of animal food, seven or eight ducks being the ordinary allowance for each man per day, or an equivalent in many pounds of fat seal.

At the British Association last year, Dr. Buchanan, treating of the physiological law of mortality, advanced an axiom that "every child at birth contains within itself the elements of its own decay, so that, although placed in the most favourable circumstances, and exempted from all noxious influences, its life will come spontaneously to an end by natural decay, not only at extreme old age, but at various periods of life in various individuals." Mr. Reid, of Glasgow, in a paper read at the Institute of Actuaries, after noticing the remarkably high rate of mortality among children less than five years of age, denies the theory that those who die in early life are prone to disease; for a child living any time in a healthy state must be presumed to be born with its vital organs in a fit state for living. The mortality varies according to locality, being greater in towns than in the country, and among the poorer than the wealthier classes, a fact inconsistent with a natural predisposition to death existing from the time of birth. According to the average of life tables, a child having attained his fifth year has passed through the most critical period, and the expectation of life is then 48 years. According to the Registrar-General's return, at 9 years of age there is the greatest probability of life, the expectation then being 56 years. From this period the expectation gradually decreases.

The subject of "Tonnage registration" has lately occupied much attention; but opinions are still con-

flicting. Mr. Atherton, chief engineer of the Woolwich Dockyard, assumes that the deep draught-line or ship's capability of tonnage may be fixed at a certain proportion of the beam,—say from a fourth to a sixth below the main deck. Mr. Lindsay, in answer, states that this, in a vessel of 1000 tons with 36 feet beam, would give a range of 3 feet, or no less than 380 tons dead weight. Mr. Atherton gives as the basis of his registration, "to take the light draught-line, the deep draught-line, and the area between the deep draught-line and the main deck, taking the internal 'roomage' rated at 40 feet to the ton." Mr. Lindsay, M.P., objects to this, stating that the light draught-line has yet to be discovered; that the deep draught-line never will be discovered; and, as a consequence, the line between the last and the main deck must be an imaginary line. The subject has been discussed at the Society of Arts, and is, therefore, still open to scientific research.

Our American cousins are an eminently practical nation. While our vessels are still sent to sea without a sufficient number of boats—and these, built of wood, are often dashed to pieces just when they are most wanted—"American metallic boats" are furnished to most of their vessels, and line their coasts. One of these boats, put to the test, resisted twenty blows on her bottom with an axe without any indentation, one of which would have stove in a wooden boat. It was rolled and tossed on a cobble pavement, and let to fall with violence on stones. It was thrown overboard, and rowed with all the strength of four men against a stone pier, without receiving injury. It is supposed that these boats will be substituted for those in present use in the navy.

At the Bristol Philosophical Institution, Mr. Pryce, on Druidical remains, entered very elaborately into the subject of the "Circles of Stones," which must be regarded as having been raised for astronomical, judicial, and religious purposes. On critical examination: "historical records, both sacred and profane, establish the fact that circles of unhewn stone were first set up by Divine command on the entrance of the children of Israel into the promised land," which simple command had been converted into an idolatrous observance; these superstitions spread from Palestine throughout the East, and were brought by the Phenicians into Britain. The manners and customs also clearly connected them with the Brahmins of India and other Oriental priests. The transport of the enormous blocks to a great distance implied a knowledge of great mechanical powers.

GAS CONDENSERS.—Mr. Edward Simons, of Birmingham, has effected a great improvement in the manufacture of condensers, or consumers, for gas in shops or private rooms. His condenser differs little in shape and appearance from those which are ordinary used; its novelty consisting in an inner side or bottom, which retains the heat and fumes, and precipitates the latter on the sides of the condenser. The invention, though simple, is ingenious; and we believe it to be successful. Certainly, the trial we have made shows that the condenser prevents the air of a room becoming so soon or so completely heated and corrupted by gas as when the ordinary condenser only is used.

ART AND ARTISTS.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

A LARGE picture has been added to the National Collection—the first acquisition by purchase since the establishment of the new régime. It is by Paul Veronese, a master of whose works the Gallery previously possessed two—namely, "The Consecration of St. Nicholas" and "The Rape of Europa." The new picture is considerably larger than the "Saint Nicholas," measuring 11 ft. 7 in. in height by 10 ft. 7 in. in width. It has been placed in the post of honour at the end of the west room. The subject is the Adoration of the Magi, treated in the usual fantastic manner of the old painters. Behind is seen a ruined building, the remnant of some superb temple, a part of which has been converted into a stable. To the right sits the Virgin, holding the infant in her arms, and at her feet kneels one of the wise men or kings in a robe of yellow or gold brocade, in the act of adoration. Behind him kneels the second king in a crimson robe, preparing to make his offering; the third king, the Ethiopian, stands to the extreme left. In the background are horses and horsemen, and a groom is seen in the act of striking a camel whose head appears behind a pillar. Peasants are climbing on the ruins behind the Holy family overlooking the group. Joseph leans over the Virgin, and by him stand the Ox and the Ass, the inseparable concomitants of the scene. There are in all sixteen figures. A sunbeam, or perhaps a ray of the guiding star, descends obliquely upon the child through the ruins, and in it float winged cherubs, mostly of the bodiless kind. The date of the work, inscribed near the right corner, is 1573, in which year the painter was about 45 years of age, and it may be presumed, in the zenith of his powers. It was originally placed in the Church of San Silvestro, in Venice. This church having about twenty years since required extensive repairs, the pictures which it con-

tained were removed from the walls, with the intention of replacing them on the completion of the works. The interior, however, sustained such alteration that it was found impossible to replace any of the larger pictures, and they were consequently consigned to the lumber-room. To sell them was not permissible without Papal and other licences, which for many years it was impossible to obtain. This difficulty was at length overcome, and in August 1855 they were consigned to Signor Angelo Toffoli, of Venice, from whom, in November of the same year, the Paul Veronese was purchased for the National Gallery. Such is the account given by the last edition of the Gallery Catalogue. We may add, that we understand the price given to have been 1800*l*. This picture has been engraved by Carlo Sacchi, and a copy of a portion of it, attributed to Carlo Cagliari, the son of Paul Veronese, is at Hampton Court. It is mentioned by various writers on Venice and its works of art, and the various guide-books, down to the year 1792, speak of it as a notable work. It seems, therefore, that we have here an unimpeachable pedigree, and, unless Signor Angelo Toffoli has contrived to pass the change upon us, we are in possession of a great picture which has long been the admiration of connoisseurs. Yet it must be owned that now that the work is hung in the gallery, where it is brought into competition with master-pieces of the first order, the feeling it produces is one of disappointment. It is cold and chilling in effect, and, in comparison with the "St. Nicholas" which hangs opposite to it, it appears weak and unsubstantial. Of course in a picture of Paul Veronese we do not look for much sentiment or high religious expression. It is admitted that religious painting was not his forte. What we do expect is material magnificence. In this picture it appears to us that the figures and dresses in front have lost their primitive richness, and are swallowed up in the cold grey tone which belonged originally only to the objects in the background, and which was meant to throw the front figures into the strongest relief. Can the picture be in the state in which it came from the hands of Paul? We suspect not. At any rate it cannot be looked upon as one of his most successful works.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

We have before us some excellent specimens of this rapidly-improving art, produced by Messrs. Rowney, of 51, Rathbone-place, through whose courtesy we have also been enabled to inspect the process of production. The reproduction of the masterpieces of art in all their fulness and variety of colour, and at prices such as to render them accessible to all, is an important result of modern skill and patience, for it has taken years to advance the process to its present state of perfection. The latest triumph of the art is the imitation of one of Turner's elaborate water-colour drawings, "The Bridge of Tours," in producing which no less than twenty-eight stones are employed, each of which imparts some modification of tone or tint, or in some cases only a few touches, which are necessary to the total effect. The principles upon which the colours are successively laid on are the same as those by which the water-colour painter is guided; and by an indefinite multiplication of the impressions applied, any imaginable degree of accuracy is attainable. The difficulty is, of course, the greatest in works like Turner's, where effects are produced less by broad washes than by an infinity of minute touches. This difficulty, however, seems now to be successfully met; and many of the copies which Messrs. Rowney have afforded us the opportunity of inspecting are of surprising faithfulness. The well-known copy of W. Hunt's "Diffidence"—the coy little rustic, in a blue apron—has all the naïveté and spirit of the original.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The Rev. J. W. Major has been elected Secretary to the Photographic Society. There were forty-four candidates for the office.—A French exhibition of paintings will open as usual this year at the gallery in Pall-mall.—Messrs. Gambart and Co. have issued the first part of a new series of war illustrations, under the title of "The Allied Fleets in the Baltic." The sketches were made on the spot by Mr. Carmichel.—Among the more interesting picture sales which are announced is one of twelve pictures and a large number of water-colour drawings by distinguished British artists, from the collection of Mr. Charles Birch, of Birmingham, which will take place at Messrs. Foster and Sons on the 27th and 28th of this month. Among the works which will come before the public on this occasion are the "Approach of Venice" by Turner; "The Baron's Hall," by Catermole; landscapes by Linnell, Muller, Danby, &c. The character of Mr. Birch's collection may be estimated by the fact that twenty pictures from that gentleman's collection realised last year the sum of 8000*l*.

Horace Vernet has finished his large picture of the Battle of the Alma.—M. Feuillet de Conches has published an important work on Léopold Robert, the painter. It is entitled, *Léopold Robert, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et sa Correspondance*.—M. Robert, the Paris sculptor, has been ordered to execute two marble groups for the Avenue de l'Impératrice, in the

Bois de Boulogne. The Emperor intends to adorn the whole length of this avenue with groups and statues. M. Levéel (a pupil of M. Rude, the sculptor) is occupied with his great equestrian statue of Napoleon the First.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Boosey's Favourite Operas for the Violin. No. 1. La Sonnambula. No. 2. Lucrezia Borgia.

THESE are the first numbers of a new series of complete operas for the violin. The collection is to consist of twelve of the most popular modern operas, to be published on the first of every month in the year 1856. The arrangement is very full and effective, and by no means difficult. The low price and attractive appearance of this publication will no doubt recommend it to a numerous class of players.

The Cornet Miscellany. Nos. 1 and 2. Boosey and Sons.

THIS is a monthly periodical of new music for the cornet à piston and pianoforte, arranged by Mr. Thomas Harper. The numbers before us contain the "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore," well adapted for these instruments.

Ever Thine (Ewig Dein): a Song. Written and Composed by MATHILDE LANGEN. London: Ewer and Co.

THE words and air of this song are very pretty, and show clearly that Miss Langen has both a poetical and musical feeling, which require but experience to be displayed to still greater advantage.

The Water Nymph: Morceau de Salon pour Piano.—Vespers for the Pianoforte.—Italy: Morceau de Salon pour Piano. By ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Chappell.

THERE is an agreeable variety in the character of these compositions. The *Water Nymph* is decidedly Tedescan; *Vespers* is plaintive, and perhaps monotonous; while *Italy* displays something of the melodious flow of the Italian school. They will be welcome as agreeable recreations.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

R. H. HORNE, the dramatist, and author of "Orion," lately in the Gold Commission in Australia, is now said to be engaged as chief clerk to Mr. Michie, the popular barrister, and as dramatic critic to the *Melbourne Herald*.—Mr. Macready has been reading to the members of the Mechanics' Institution of Yeovil, a lecture "On some of the Aspects of Intolerance."—Mr. Balfe has returned to London after a four years' stay on the Continent, where he has superintended the performance of *The Bohemian Girl* and other of his operas in many of the European capitals.—A pension of 100*l*. a year from the civil list has been granted to Mr. Samuel Lover, whose songs are his best contributions to literature.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mozart (who was born on the 27th of January 1756) has been celebrated with great pomp at Vienna and Berlin; monster concerts having been given, and attended by crowds of royal and noble personages. This most enchanting of composers was disgracefully neglected by his countrymen; allowed to live in penury, and buried so obscurely that no one knows where his body was laid. Since his death many monuments have been erected, and festivals held, in honour of his memory. "He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone."

LITERARY NEWS.

WE understand that Messrs. Hall and Virtue, Paternoster-row, are soon to publish a work entitled "The History of a Man," edited by George Gilfillan. This is understood to be a curious medley of biography, description, and speculation, recounting conversations with many of the greatest men of the day—filled with incident, as well as abounding in descriptions of scenery and in pictures of intellectual and spiritual progress.—Dr. William Bell has completed a revision of his "Stream of Time," down to the 1st Jan. 1856. This fifteenth edition is dedicated by Dr. Bell to Dr. John Lee, President of the Chronological Society, of which he is one of its honorary secretaries.—M. Lamartine has a new project before the public, having announced the publication of a work of popular instruction under the title of *Cours Familier de Littérature*. The historical portraits recently translated into English were produced with similar views of popular education, but the new work is to have a wider range of subjects.—The *Gloucestershire Times*, a three-halfpenny newspaper published at Gloucester, stopped publication on Saturday.

The honour of knighthood has been conferred on Col. Henry Rawlinson.—The author of "Eöthen" complains of the use made of his fame, and the *Times* announces, under authority, that the writer of that popular book "never published any other."—The Dublin University has conferred the honorary degree

of L.L.D. on Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, who was for some time at Trinity College.—The Queen has granted an annual pension of 50*l.*, chargeable upon the civil list, to Mr. John Dalton of Dublin, the author of several Irish historical works, including the *Army List* of King James II., the latter not yet completed.—The police of Leipsic arrested M. Constantine Simonides in that city a few days ago, on the charge of having sold to the King of Prussia, for 2000 thalers, a manuscript which he pretended contained three books of Uranos on the most ancient epoch of the history of Egypt, but which has been discovered to be a forgery. It is stated that the forgery was so skillfully imitated that it deceived the Academy of Berlin, and that it was by its recommendation that the King purchased it. The arrest of M. Simonides will create considerable sensation throughout the learned world in Europe, as he has long been known in all the principal capitals as a literary antiquary, and as the proprietor of several rare manuscripts.

Notice has been given by M. de Lesseps, the French engineer, that the international commission for carrying out the proposed canal through the Isthmus of Suez, is to meet this spring in London, to discuss and make final arrangements for the works. The members are MM. Paleocapa, Conrad, Negrelli, Maclean, Rendel, Renaud, Leutze, and Lieussou. The secretary of the association, which is called *Compagnie Universelle de Canale Maritime de Suez*, is M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, member of the Institute, to whom communications on the subject are invited to be addressed.—The following are the names of the examiners appointed by the Society of Arts for the examination of candidates from classes of Mechanics' Institutions: The Astronomer Royal, Dr. Bernal, Hon. and Rev. S. Best, Rev. Dr. Booth, Rev. Prof. J. S. Brewer, C. Brooke, Esq., Rev. Prof. W. Browne, Dr. Carpenter, Harry Chester, Esq., Rev. S. Clark, the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, Viscount Ebrington, M.P., Rev. Dr. Elder, J. Glaisher, Esq., the Dean of Hereford, R. Hunt, Esq., Dr. Bence Jones, Prof. Moseley, Rev. Baden Powell, F. R. Sandford, Esq., J. Simon, Esq., Prof. Edward Solly, Rev. F. Temple, Rev. Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Dr. Watson, Prof. J. Wilson.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ADELPH.—*The Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*: a Comedietta adapted from *Household Words*. MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—*Mrs. Malaprop*. A MONTH ago I noticed the appearance at the Strand Theatre of a version of the celebrated story of "The Boots," the gem of the Christmas number of *Household Words*. That attempt to dramatise the creation of Mr. Dickens's genius was simply atrocious—a most vile distortion of a charming tale. Here is a better version, and by a more practised hand; but the result is another failure. Not a night passes on which the descent of the curtain upon *The Holly Tree Inn* is not marked by an expression of very considerable dissatisfaction.

What is the reason of this? Some persons assert that parents are displeased at the bad example set before their children; being fearful lest they should be moved thereby to enter into precociously vicious courses, and attempt runaway matches to Gretna Green. Absurd! I know that there is a great deal of folly in the world; but never will believe that it goes to that extent. What! take that little doll's comedy for serious! Believe that children will be infected by it! The thing is too absurd for sober argument. As well hide from them the "Arabian Nights" and "Gammer Gurton's Story Book," lest they place too implicit credence upon the monstrous assertions made in their pages.

The truth is that such stories as "The Holly Tree Inn" are not to be dramatised. Just in proportion as a tale is good to be read, so it is bad to be acted. You may dramatise an incident; but a story is too full of incidents to be adequately told upon the stage. Show me a dramatic version of one of either Dickens's or Scott's stories that has not been an utter and unredeemed failure; albeit in some cases respect for the great originals has induced the public to suffer in silence. Can anything be worse than "Guy Mannering," or "Rob Roy," or "The Cricket on the Hearth," in their dramatic form? The wonder is that the omnipotent critics have not found this out long ago, and have not discouraged and put down these insane attempts at squaring the circle in a dramatic point of view.

Apart from the success or failure of the piece, it should be noticed that it is exceedingly well put upon the stage, and furthermore that it is well acted. Mr. Webster succeeds in knocking a splendid piece of character out of such stolid materials as Cobbs, "the Boots."

Among the various items of theatrical gossip which have lately reached me, I may note a rumour that Mr. Webster will carry out his intention of rebuilding the Adelphi during the ensuing summer; and that, while it is being done, he will divide his company into two parts, taking one over with himself to the Surrey Theatre, and sending the other, under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, to Sadler's Wells.

There is also a rumour that Mr. Leigh Murray is about to take the Lyceum Theatre; and I hope it is true, for the present inaction of that excellent actor is a reproach to managers and a loss to the public.—The report that Madame Lind-Goldschmidt is about to open Her Majesty's Theatre, in conjunction with Mr. Lumley and Mr. Mitchell, is altogether untrue. An oracular authority, on being interrogated the other day, replied: "*Il n'y a pas un mot de vrai.*" Those who know Madame Lind best opine that she will not return to profane music while sacred song proves so profitable.—The Drury-Lane company is still talking of an entertainment given to them on Ash-Wednesday by Mr. E. T. Smith. Taking advantage of the *clôture* of the theatre on that evening, a ball was given to all the members of the company. Both the stage and the grand saloon were prepared for the reception of the dancers; and, what with good music and an abundant supply of good things, the festivity was kept up with spirit until what the reporters are in the habit of calling "the small hours."—Mr. Anderson has obtained an extension of his time at Covent-garden, where *Rob Roy* and the pantomime are still continued with great success. This is a very good proof that he is not dissatisfied with his experiment.—On Wednesday morning, the Pavilion Theatre (an extensive place of entertainment, though not much known beyond the purlieus of Shoreditch) was burnt to the ground. Of course nothing was insured but the building itself, and both lessees and actors are said to be utterly ruined. It is thought that the conflagration occurred through the carelessness with which a mock conflagration was managed.

I do not often go to amateur performances. To speak the truth, I avoid them; for I hold, with Duke Theobald, that "the best in this kind are but shadows." Not many nights ago, however, I did form part of the audience at one. Where it occurred I shall not say, nor who took part in it; but the play enacted was Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, and, despite my prejudice as aforesaid, I am reluctantly bound to confess that it was not merely respectably, but uncommonly well acted. It may seem invidious to select any particular rôle for animadversion; but all who had the good fortune to be present will understand me when I say that the *Mrs. Malaprop* of the evening was one of those rare impersonations which elevate acting into the foremost rank of the Arts. The reading given by the lady who sustained the part was entirely new to me, inasmuch as it interpreted *Mrs. Malaprop* as a person of good breeding, and who could conduct herself like a gentleman. The conventional mode of playing the part is to make *Mrs. Malaprop* a coarse, vulgar woman—suggestive of a cook who had married her master. Nothing can be more erroneous than this. *Mrs. Malaprop* is a lady by birth, fortune, and position. She is the equal of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and justly plumes herself upon the respectability of her family. It must be remembered that her sins against orthodoxy are not vulgar, but absurd. In Sheridan's time education was by no means universal, even among respectable people, and many a fine lady had never been to school. *Mrs. Malaprop's* blunders arose, therefore, not from vulgarity, but because she attempted to talk beyond her education. For these reasons I hold this to be the best *Mrs. Malaprop* I ever saw upon the stage. JACQUES.

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